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## CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **Y**ESTERDAY week the Upper House handled the Scotch Fisheries Bill as it came up once more from the Lower with the "Complaint of Scotland" still not fully attended to. The Peers, who had been directly approached by the Corporation of Edinburgh in a spirit contrasting remarkably with the terms in which they are sometimes spoken of, were not weary of well doing, and Lord PLAYFAIR had an exceedingly bad time of it with Lord CAMPERDOWN and others, who first extracted from him a definition of "seaboard," and then pointed out that the Bill did nothing but violate this both negatively and positively. It was said that Ministers, despairing of ever getting this Bill (the mismanagement of which is a signal proof of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's present incompetence) into shape, would drop it.

**Commons.** The proceedings in the Lower House were calm and rational, and contrasted prettily with the fire and fury of Portsmouth. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, forgetting his promise to strike out the Lords' amendments to the Parish Councils Bill, root and branch, actually accepted more than one of them; and it was hinted that, though the Government could not accept Lord MORLEY's amendment in its present form, they were not indisposed to come to a compromise. One or two others were negatived in accordance with the SPEAKER's, no doubt, correct decision, that they violated the unwritten understanding between the Houses as to the interference of the Upper with rates; and others were disagreed with by varying majorities. Sir EDWARD GREY had previously given some account of the present state of the Siamese question, and of the French excuses for remaining at Chantaboon.

**Lords.** On Monday the House of Lords received and discussed the Commons' amendments to their own amendments on the Employers' Liability Bill. Mr. COBBE's ridiculous proposal of a three years' respite for the insurance Societies—the celebrated "Majority of Two" amendment—was kicked down again by 137 to 23. On the prohibition of the erection of any future Societies of the kind proceedings were hampered by the discovery of a clerical error,

which had omitted a not unimportant amendment of Lord MONK BRETTON's in the Bill as sent down to the Commons, and which necessitated reference to the other House. This unlucky blunder, which it has been absurdly sought to charge on the Peers themselves, prevented any further division from being taken, and the debate was accordingly cut short.

**Commons.** In the Lower House, Mr. ASQUITH made a non-committal and slightly quibbling answer to Colonel HOWARD VINCENT, in reference to Anarchists, throwing some, at least, of the blame on foreign nations for not "warning" this country. "What is the good of warning you, when you talk about safety-valves?" the foreign countries might reply. "We are only sending you some more folk to work those *soupapes*." Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN announced that the Scotch Fisheries Bill would be dropped, whereat no small proportion of the inhabitants of Scotland will laugh and be merry, sing, dance, and rejoice. Mr. BUXTON was unable either to confirm or deny the report of LOBENGULA's death. After Mr. GLADSTONE had moved the suspension of the twelve o'clock rule, the Parish Councils Bill was then taken. The iniquitous proposals about the parish charities and the disqualification of churchwardens were replaced by majorities of 52 and 50 only, the course of the debate showing that the clumsy and unworkable character of the measure was recognized by Gladstonians quite as much as by Tories. Mr. GLADSTONE intervened; but his intervention does not seem to have been very satisfactory to his own party; for Mr. RATHBONE and Sir CHARLES DILKE were among those who protested, while on the other side Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, certainly no friend of the Lords' amendments, urged the unworkableness of the Government scheme. It was, however, re-voted of course. Then the London clauses were reached, but no division was taken on them, and it was recognized that the Bill could not be got through that night.

**Lords.** On Tuesday the House of Lords held three formal sittings to see the Royal Assent given to some Bills, to fix the day (yesterday) of discussing the Commons' amendments on the Parish Councils Bill, and to receive those amendments.

**Commons.** In the Lower House a ludicrous disappointment awaited Gladstonians. They had been convoked to vote for a majestic motion of Mr. GLADSTONE'S to "lay aside" the Lords' amendments. But it was found, as those who knew something of procedure anticipated, that this could not be done; and the PRIME MINISTER, in a speech admitted to be of extraordinary feebleness even for his present failed condition, had to content himself with moving that the order be discharged, or, in other words, the Bill dropped in the most commonplace way. Mr. BALFOUR, in a speech of much force, exposed the absurdity of this, and declared that he should not divide, as it was no business of his to prevent the Government from committing infanticide on their own Bills. Mr. ASQUITH retorted with what Mr. CHAMBERLAIN unkindly described as "claptrap," and after some altercation a Gladstonian and a Conservative—Mr. McLAREN and Mr. SETON KARR—got three other Gladstonians and three other Conservatives to go into the lobby with them as a protest against the abandonment of the Bill. It is impossible to imagine a better proof of the wits' end to which Gladstonians have been driven than the fact that some of them have described the division which followed, and in which the Opposition, save these four eccentrics, took no part, as a glorious victory, making up for the "paltry two" of the COBB amendment. It is fair to say that this was not universal, and that apparently no party has recently passed its time in more doleful dumps than the Gladstonian party since Tuesday. Subsequently the House took the rest of the Parish Councils Bill, adopting some of the Lords' amendments and rejecting others—but none of importance, except that by which the attempt to grab parish rooms for lay uses was struck out of the Bill.

Neither House sat on Wednesday or Thursday.

**Politics out of Parliament.** It was announced yesterday week that the City Corporation had formally withdrawn its representative on, and its witnesses before, the Commission on the Unification of London, being convinced that it could expect no fair hearing.

We should hardly think that Ministers feel an overpowering affection for the Bermondsey Vestry, which on Sunday afternoon organized a demonstration in Trafalgar Square against the House of Lords and in favour of the Parish Councils Bill. For this Vestry is presumably the thing now existing in London which is most like the Parish Council of the rosy (or "red") future; and, with fifty Parish Councils demonstrating in Trafalgar Square week by week, the finest site in Europe will indeed be a Paradise.

The full documents relating to the retirement of the City representative from the Commission on the Unification of London were published on Monday, and, though there may be room for two opinions in the matter, we hardly think many people will wonder at it. To be *judge et partie* is pleasant enough when you are the plaintiff and have a majority of your colleagues with you. But to be judge and defendant in a minority of one on the bench is a station neither pleasing nor dignified, and we cannot feel surprise that the City Solicitor and his masters did not see their way to his continued occupation of it.

On Tuesday Mr. E. J. C. MORTON and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR spoke at Peckham—at Peckham on the Rye—and agreed that "the agitation against the 'Lords was more important than the passing of any 'particular measure.'" "Perhaps; but you should 'not speak so loud,'" as was remarked once. We all knew that the Gladstonians cared nothing for their measures and much for their cry, but it is a little un-

wise of them to admit it. The bloom is surely taken off the Rye. Mr. ASQUITH received a deputation about industrial schools, and Mr. MUNDELLA one from such as appear to demand that railways shall pay them for the honour of transporting their goods.

The break of two days on Wednesday and Thursday was taken advantage of for a good deal of outside political work. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN received a deputation against the Local Veto Bill, and dealt very faithfully with that measure in answer. The Duke of RUTLAND, Mr. MATTHEWS, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, Lord DUNRAVEN, and others spoke at various places, all exposing the hollowness of the present outcry against the Lords, and most taking in addition special examples of the incompetence and unstatesmanlike partisanship of the Government. Not a few meetings were also held on the other side, the keynote of which may be fairly given by Mr. HALDANE'S words in the Caledonian Road about the Upper House being a "useless and mischievous anachronism." "Anachronism" may pair off with "Mesopotamia." But, suppose some one opposed to Mr. HALDANE were to point out that that lesser light of the Eighty Club (who is to Mr. ASQUITH "as moonlight unto sunlight and as water unto wine") is not extraordinarily or eminently useful, and is sometimes, as on the present occasion, when he eggs on one class against another, decidedly mischievous?

On Thursday Mr. G. S. MACKENZIE read an important paper on East Africa at the London Chamber of Commerce; a glanders deputation waited on Mr. HERBERT GARDNER; and a large number of anti-Lords meetings were held, at one of which a letter from Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON was read, saying that the Lords "must be scotched, if not killed." It is interesting to compare with this silly insolence, to the Constitution under which he holds office, of an insignificant place-man the words published this week by a Frenchman of talent, M. EDMOND BIRÉ:—"Cette aristocratie, qui a fait la grandeur de l'Angleterre et qui la retient encore aujourd'hui sur le penchant de l'abîme."

**Foreign and Colonial Affairs.** It was asserted at the end of last week that LOBENGULA was dead of fever—a fortunate thing, perhaps, for him, and a convenient one for us, but one which ought to make Englishmen rather uncomfortable. For here was a man who was always friendly to us, who never did us any harm or broke his word with us, and whom, after getting profitable leases from him on the easiest terms, we dispossessed of his freehold, his kingdom, and his life. A very bad explosion of steam-pipes had taken place at Kiel on board the German cruiser *Brandenburg*, whereby, it was said, forty men lost their lives. There was a tiff (gravity differently estimated) between France and Portugal on the subject of the cavalier way in which the smaller country is treating her creditors. In France itself the Anarchist HENRY, who seems to be a loquacious person, had been talking more; and M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU, the advocate and ex-Minister, had been wounded in the hand by a certain M. DE FELS in a duel, resulting from words used by M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU in Court. Yellow fever was very bad at Rio, and had unfortunately attacked the British squadron.

On Monday it appeared that some curious evidence of the pious frauds used to discredit opium had been given at Bombay. The Canadian Government was sending out invitations to a Conference on the proposed British Pacific cable. In the French Chamber the Socialist leader, M. JAURÈS, had delivered in favour of his principles one of those not infrequent examples of eloquence, "high, far-shining, empty," in which his countrymen excel. The Governor of the French Soudan had at last explained Warina as the result of the wickedness of a native chief who had "deceived the commanders of



"both parties by representing each force to the other as Sofas." The Governor should speak for his own side; we have no evidence that Colonel ELLIS was deceived. As, however, the chief has been thoughtfully shot, we shall not hear his account of the matter. There was said to be a good deal of partial grumbling both in Russia and in Germany as to the results of the commercial treaty. Count VON CAPRIVI had successfully defended a "moderate colonial policy." A nomination of President CLEVELAND's to the Supreme Court had been rejected in the United States Senate. The insurgents at Rio were slackening the bombardment, but only, it was said, till the land forces making their way on the capital came up.

A very full account of the "Waima" (latest version of spelling, with leave to amend) disaster was published on Tuesday morning, which seemed equally to disprove the story mentioned above, and fathered by the French Governor, and the theory that Colonel ELLIS was surprised. According to this version (which was vouched for by actual witnesses arriving from Africa) the sentries gave proper warning, and there was neither surprise nor disorder; but the rapidity of the French magazine fire (one dead *tirailleur* was found with more than a hundred empty cartridges beside him) and a certain amount of rashness on the part of the English officers accounted for the loss. It does not seem, however, to have in the least affected the steadiness of the West Indians, who, as is known, had completely the better, and thus deserve to have the words *Primus contra repentia* put on their flag. On Monday morning the French police had repeated the experiment of simultaneous domiciliary visits all over France. But they did not do much good, and the same afternoon a bomb was purposely or accidentally exploded in a poor lodging-house, wounding several persons, including the landlady. The German EMPEROR had paid a visit of return to Prince BISMARCK at Friedrichsruh, and the Colonial attacks on Count VON CAPRIVI had been continued pretty pertinaciously. An Anarchist trial on a rather large scale had begun at Vienna.

Wednesday's news was slight. The Parisian police had found and promptly exploded yet another bomb, apparently left by the same scoundrel whose first, it seemed, would probably cost the unlucky landlady her life. The debate on the Corn Duties was proceeding in the French Chamber, and a rather sour-sweet communication had (it was said) been received from friend Russia on the subject.

Thursday's papers contained accounts of very elaborate financial proposals made in the Italian Chamber by Signor SONNINO with the object of choking the deficit. How fresh taxation will be received in a country already taxed to the bone like Italy remains to be seen; but it appears to be very fairly distributed. There had been more bomb-and-bottle work in Paris, though nothing of importance; but Mme. CALABRESI, the victim of Tuesday's explosion, had died. The Corn Bill had been passed with a diminished duty (seven francs) to appease Russia. Nearly all the Omladina prisoners at Prague had been convicted and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Spain and Morocco (the latter admonished to yield by the Powers) were still haggling.

It was said yesterday morning that the interview between the KHEDEVE and Lord CROMER had come off satisfactorily. At the French Academy M. TAINÉ's Chair, to which M. EMILE MONTÉGUT had the best claim, was not filled, but M. JOSÉ MARIA DE HERÉDIA, a stout soldier of the old "Parnasse," and a really exquisite poet in form, obtained that of M. DE MAZADE. M. ZOLA was defeated for both. There was a fresh Parliamentary deadlock in America over the Silver Coinage Bill.

#### The Law Courts.

A singular exhibition of the sweetness and light of the political Dissenter was given in a suit decided at Bristol this day week. Captain CHALONER, the Tory candidate for West Wilts, after offering to accept an apology, which was refused, obtained 100*l.* damages, with costs, from a local print, for publishing an attack on him made by a Congregational minister, for that the said Captain CHALONER had "attended a smoking-concert." "Treason against the House of Commons," and "Attending a smoking-concert"—certainly the new criminal code of Gladstonians has the merit of freshness.

The enormous case of the Empire of India Corporation *v.* GARRARD and others came to an end, after about a fortnight's hearing, with a decision for the defendants, from whom nearly a third of a million was claimed.

**Correspondence.** A long and very important letter from Mr. F. C. SELOUS was published in Monday's *Times* rebutting and characterizing in the most outspoken language both the substance and the manner of Mr. LABOUCHERE's attacks on the expedition against LOBENGULA. Sir HENRY JAMES deprecated the institution of an exclusive guild of election agents; and a project which should enlist the warmest support was started for the erection of a suitable monument in Winchester Cathedral to Sir GERALD PORTAL and his brother RAYMOND.

On Wednesday morning Mr. LABOUCHERE replied at great length to Mr. SELOUS; but the fact is that charges and counter-charges of this kind cannot possibly be settled by newspaper recrimination.

**The Explosion at Greenwich.** Some interesting details about the Greenwich affair were published at the end of last week. It seemed pretty certain that the man BOURDIN had not merely intended to get rid of the explosives that killed him, but had a design on the Observatory—a design, be it observed, not more senseless than the actions of his likes, at Paris, twenty-three years ago. On Friday night the police made a *souricière* at a certain den called the Autonomie Club, in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Road, and caught a considerable number of possible knaves and certain fools, who were let go after "information," etcetera, had been got from them. Domiciliary raids were also made, and, altogether, Mr. ASQUITH's "safety-valve" theory was blowing off steam at a fine rate. The comments in French papers which appeared in England chiefly on Monday morning were what might be expected. We deeply grieve to note that the *Débats*, with a flashiness of remark that would have shocked the late Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD, observed that "Mr. ASQUITH prefers hunting down the Lords to hunting down the Anarchists. It is an occupation better suited to his tastes, and less dangerous"; adding that "with a Home Secretary like Mr. ASQUITH all suppositions are allowable." Not quite *all*, perhaps.

On Monday an inquest was opened on BOURDIN, but adjourned for a week. On the same day the man WILLIAMS on Tower Hill passed various eulogies on "the tactics of VAILLANT and BOURDIN." As the tactics of VAILLANT led him to the guillotine, and the tactics of BOURDIN practically blew him from his own gun, we should not ourselves have thought the examples inspiring.

On Tuesday WILLIAMS observed, in almost the very words of Mr. JINGLE, that "not presume to dictate; but capital thing for the unemployed if half London 'burat down,' though, of course, he did not recommend the burning; and he indulged later in similar 'don't put him under the pump' experiments.

The London  
County  
Council.

On Tuesday last the London County Council did, among others of both kinds, one sensible and one silly thing. It resolved to take counsel's opinion whether something could not be done to compel certain canal Companies to attend to their canals; and it only postponed, and that favourably, a proposal for setting up municipal tailoring and boot-making on the gigantic scale.

Sports.

This day week an excellent match at tennis was played between SAUNDERS (who gave 15 and a bisque) and FERDINAND, the Englishman winning by three sets to two. The Frenchmen's English visit was wound up on Monday by two matches, in which SAUNDERS (with racquet) beat FERDINAND (playing *more majorum* with his hands) by 12 games to 1 and a love set, afterwards beating LE SUEUR almost as decisively, and with odds against him.

The Association Football Match on Wednesday, between the Universities, terminated in an unexpected, but very decided, win for Cambridge by three goals to one, on a frozen and very difficult ground.

The frost put off the Waterloo Cup till too late in the week for any notice of it to be given here.

Monkey-Speech. On Monday Professor GARNER, returned from meeting gorillas, stated in a lecture, as a discovery, that monkeys talk, and that it is possible to learn their language. As we pointed out formerly, there is nothing new in this. Dogs talk—especially collies—and it is easy to learn their language. Possibly plants talk. All the same, Mr. GARNER's vocabulary may be interesting.

Sales.

A Great Auk's egg was sold this week at STEVENS's for 300 guineas, while at CHRISTIE's, among the EGLINTON jewels, a famous black pearl necklace fetched more than ten times this sum, and another ornament of the same kind, historically connected with Queen MARY, as many pounds as there are days in the year.

Miscellaneous.

A good many miscellaneous functions were performed on this day week. The Archbishop of CANTERBURY distributed certificates at the Working Men's College, and in a good speech recommended, among other things, the study of WREN's churches. The students had better be quick about it, or the action of certain of his Grace's colleagues on the Bench will leave them little to study. The French Masters in England met for a somewhat similar performance at the Mansion House. Mr. CONWAY gave his second lecture on mountain exploration.

A conference met on Monday at the Mansion House to anathematize Railway rates.

On Tuesday the City Commission of Sewers agreed to give Christ's Hospital a reprieve.

Books, the  
Theatre, &c.

The first volume of what has long been wanted, a complete and definitive edition of CHAUCER, has been issued this week by the Clarendon Press, the editor being Professor SKEAT, whose competence for the work is, to say the least, unsurpassed. — *The New Boy*, a piece by Mr. ARTHUR LAW, partly suggested by *Vice Versa*, but quite independent in development, was produced with a good deal of success at TERRY's Theatre on Wednesday.

Obituary.

Mr. AYNLEY COOK was a very meritorious, if not exactly consummate, singer. M. SIVORI was a famous and brilliant violinist of the last generation, and partly of the PAGANINI school. There are who would denounce his imitating the drums on the violin in the piano and violin duet arrangement of the *William Tell* Overture as trickery. It was not the less a remarkable feat, and M. SIVORI could do a very great deal more in which there was no kind or suspicion of trick.

#### THE DUTY OF THE OPPOSITION.

THE dropping (in the second place amid the most ignominious circumstances) of two of the three "non-contentious" Bills for which the Houses of Lords and Commons have been kept at work during a winter Session of unprecedented length, and the circumstances under which the third will pass, if it passes at all, make it more incumbent than ever on the Opposition to pursue the course which we pointed out to them last week, and to organize a series of meetings (as far as possible in every constituency) to explain and justify the action of the House of Lords. This task was well begun on Wednesday by Mr. MATTHEWS, the Duke of RUTLAND, and others, but it must be continued, and that vigorously. It is true that the agitation against the Peers is being carried on with an unblushing frankness in the confession of its real reasons, as well as with an equally unblushing impudence in suppression of fact and suggestion, or positive assertion of falsehood, which have rarely been equalled. But it will not do to trust to this. A lie very seldom hangs itself if it is given rope; it is much more likely to hang Truth therewith.

We cannot pretend to believe that this necessary and, as we believe, quite practicable process of explanation and justification has been altogether helped by the action of the Liberal wing of the Unionist party towards the Parish Councils Bill, last week, or by a certain attitude of irresolution which this and other circumstances have cast upon the Opposition during the whole of the second debate on that measure. It is true that the action of the Unionist Liberals was less hostile on subsequent nights than it was, or appeared to be, on Thursday week; and it is also true that it seems to have been due less to a deliberate resolve to use the strength of the wing for party purposes, in opposition to the wishes of the Tory main body, than to certain very contemptible and slavish fears on the part of individuals for their seats. But it is impossible not to think that in any case the Liberal rank and file ought to have furnished the Duke of DEVONSHIRE—or the Duke ought to have furnished his Tory allies in the Lords—with much clearer intimations of the course they intended to pursue. There is no doubt that the smaller wing of a coalition has an advantage if it chooses to play fast and loose in this way; but it is not pretty conduct, more especially considering the very large prices already paid by Tories for the Unionist alliance.

The conduct of the Liberals, however, on the Scotch Fisheries Bill and the Employers' Liability Bill has a little gilded their night's work on Local Government; and, after all, they might urge that the Tory attitude in the Commons was itself not so entirely whole-hearted as to demand unflinching self-sacrifice from them. We pointed out at the time that the unlucky compromise entered into at the close of the earlier proceedings could not but act as a trap and stumbling-block later; and the forecast has been amply justified. In the two respects just mentioned, however, the Opposition have acted well together, and their efforts in conjunction with the House of Lords have been completely successful. In one instance, Radical members of Parliament, such as Mr. PAUL and Mr. WALLACE, have been seen sharply opposing the action of the Government, and Radical bailies have been at the feet of the House of Lords, imploring them, and not in vain, to stand fast and save Scotland from injustice. In the other, the House of Lords has been on the side of freedom; on the side of the wishes and interests of the working-man wherever his wishes are not coerced and his interests not obscured by a gang of agitators; on the side of cheap and amicable settlement of disputes as opposed to the encouragement of litigation and the running up of lawyers' bills. Mr. BALFOUR gave an excellent watchword for the sort of campaign which we



desire to see started in his phrase about the "taint of liberty" having made the Lords' amendments distasteful to persons like Mr. ASQUITH. And the most ferocious partisan could hardly desire greater tribulation for his enemies than has come upon the Gladstonians in the matter of this assault on liberty. Indeed, almost the entire legislation of the present Government is aimed at Freedom. It is a set of new commandments—of alternate "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not," which, no doubt, cannot be summarized with absolute exactitude in brief space, but which, without much unfairness, may be gathered up into the two great behests, "Thou shalt pay rates and taxes for somebody else's advantage," and "Thou shalt not do what thou hast a mind to do, but what the nearest Council, Union, Board, or other association of busy-bodies wishes thee to do."

Now we think—or at least we hope—that there is still a sufficient love of liberty left in the English and Scottish people to answer to an appeal of this kind, strongly made and strongly supported as it might be, and ought to be. It is the duty of the Opposition to make such an appeal; and, if Britons answer that they prefer to be slaves, why, at any rate, those who do not so prefer will have liberated their souls.

#### MORE MORBID THAN IBSEN.

WE do not know whether Mr. J. T. GREIN is or is not an eminent Shakspearian scholar and a profound thinker. Perhaps he is both; hence the surprising nature of his remarks at "The Playgoers' Club" on SHAKSPEARE and IBSEN. Mr. GREIN, if correctly reported, said that "the influence of art upon young men all depended on their education." This excites a natural wonder as to the nature of the education bestowed on Mr. J. T. GREIN. "It annoyed him," he confessed, "that everybody brought in the name of 'SHAKSPEARE.'" Hence we conceive that Mr. GREIN's education has been severely classical. He pines, very properly, for more frequent and friendly allusion to the great names of ÆSCHYLUS, SOPHOCLES, EURIPIDES, ARISTOPHANES, TERENCE, PLAUTUS, MENANDER. He also feels that in England RACINE, MOLIÈRE, CORNEILLE, DUMAS, LABICHE, are too much neglected. SHAKSPEARE is a world in himself. Granted. But there are other worlds. If there is a HAMLET, there is a PROMETHEUS; if there is a Lady MACBETH, there is a CLYTEMNESTRA. The *Midsummer Night's Dream* must not make us indifferent to *The Birds* and *The Frogs*, and in MOLIÈRE there is a little universe into which SHAKSPEARE seldom enters. Certainly SHAKSPEARE is not everybody, though most English readers, insular creatures, would not accept all the other dramatists in exchange for him whom GAUTIER so ingenuously calls *le vieux Williams*. An education like Mr. GREIN's may make him rise superior to our prejudices.

However, we are not certain that we rightly understand Mr. GREIN. His ideas may not be those which we have expanded with so much sympathy. Possibly he is one of the persons who, in consequence of a narrow, or in spite of a catholic education, twitter lovingly about IBSEN. "He contended that SHAKSPEARE, in his day, was far more morbid than IBSEN." This may be meant for praise. Morbid people like IBSEN because he is morbid. Mr. GREIN may be morbid, and may like morbidness wherever he meets it. The taste is prevalent, is easily acquired, and might, perhaps, be distinguished if it were less commonplace. The man who missed his tip was Mr. MODDLE, in an old novel styled *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Mr. MODDLE, were he living now, would be our most applauded poet, or, if really too morbid for poetry, our most "cultured" critic. He was morbid, melancholy, and altogether

richly deserved the kick. To him life was a dead failure; his very penknife, as we know, he bequeathed to one who, he hoped, would be made happier by its possession than the original owner.

What do we mean by "morbid"? We mean a brooding, desolated spirit, which sees everything draped in black, which finds life a muddle, and an unenjoyable muddle, which takes no delight in the great natural things—sun, stars, and sea, and the beauty of women, and the freshness of woods and innocent laughter. The mighty IBSEN may not, personally, go to all these lengths. He may be "a life-glad man," though he keeps buoyancy out of his dramas with singular success. IBSEN's way is to represent life as a very bad, petty, and squalid muddle, and men and women generally as little, vulgar, selfish, and quite insanely inconsistent. There may be tremendous exceptions, souls of flame, reformers, but they are bound to come to grief; everybody is bound to come to grief. This is IBSEN's theory, and he rubs it in. His respectable characters are trivial fools. His young woman leaps, in a second, from a chattering little feather-brain to heights of revolt and indignation. All the slang of emancipation gushes, at a flash, from NORA's untutored lips. HEDDA GABLER is a minx, without a conscience or an aim; and she rules and spoils the lives of a subtly discriminated set of fools, fribbles, and Philistines. We know not why, or wherefore, all this tangle and wrangle twists itself about the unintelligible minx; but this sort of thing appears to represent IBSEN's theory of life. We live out all the length of all our days, and never once find ourselves on the fringes of such a set, of such a crew. So it goes on, in that highly rancid drama, *Ghosts*, and all the rest of it. Now, it is needless to say to any one but Mr. GREIN, that SHAKSPEARE saw life steadily, and saw it whole. HAMLET is only one mood, and JACQUES another, of the mind which created FALSTAFF, and LAUNCE, and BOTTOM. There is sadness, confusion, in life; there is joy, too; and one ROSALIND laughs away, in one speech, all the incredible inanities of NORA, and all the unqualifiable incoherences of HEDDA. But this is not a subject for seriousness; and, after all, perhaps we do not understand what Mr. GREIN is driving at, on the whole.

#### A SESSION OF FAILURE.

IN the course of a few more days the outstanding business of Parliament will have been disposed of, and the Session of 1893 will come at last to an end. That we should be writing these words in the closing week of February 1894 is in itself a portent which tells its own extraordinary tale. For the first time, so far as we know, in its whole history Parliament has sat almost continuously for thirteen months, and a Session which began on the last day of January in one year has extended almost, if not quite, into the month of March in the year following. The circumstances, it is true, are without precedent; and, in reviewing the amount of work accomplished during this unexampled period of Parliamentary activity, it is, of course, necessary to take due account of the fact that the Government began business with the legislative proposal of so "vast and violent" a constitutional change that a good deal more than half the year was spent in discussing a mere fraction of its provisions. This fact, however, though it must count for something in our estimate of the year's results, is far from covering the whole ground. It was in the early days of September that the Home Rule Bill was thrown out by the Lords, and the Government, therefore, have had upwards of five months—nearly the length of an ordinary Session—in which to make up for lost time, and to redeem their first year of office from the reproach (as they

consider it) of legislative sterility. And what have they to show for it? The passing—if it does pass—of a single legislative measure of the first rank, and that a measure which, though undoubtedly contentious in many of its details, was accepted in principle by both sides of the House of Commons, and could hardly be said to have given rise to any serious party controversy until it reached the other branch of the Legislature.

This, of course, would be a matter of less concern to them if it had been attended by the compensation on which they counted. Indeed, they would, of the two, no doubt, have preferred the compensation they had looked for, to the advantage which they have lost. For though they have, of course, to keep up a decorous belief in the electioneering value of "popular legislation," there is another way of winning votes, in which they believe with much more fervour of faith. Legislating will not help them so much as another art which begins with the same letter, but is a word of two syllables instead of four; and they confidently expected the House of Lords to give them the chance of practising the art with considerable effect. Here, too, however, they have met with an equally bitter, though in this case a largely self-earned, disappointment. So ill have they played their Parliamentary cards, that even playing them "with the advantages" has not enabled them to get the best of the game. With the full desire and with the firm intention to attempt the recovery of their lost ground by getting up false charges against the House of Lords, they have left themselves without so much as a peg to hang mendacities upon. After all, even the most experienced artist in slander must have material of some sort of plausibility to work upon, and this they have left themselves without. Nothing more inept than their conduct of the controversy with the Lords over the Employers' Liability Bill has ever been met with in the history of Parliamentary warfare. From the original gigantic blunder of strategy committed by those eminent generals of division the HOME SECRETARY and the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, in carefully entrenching themselves in their untenable position on the Contracting-out Clause—from this to the ridiculous fiasco of last Tuesday, for which the venerable commander-in-chief is, no doubt, personally responsible, the whole story of the campaign is one continuous record of alternating rashness and stupidity from end to end.

The noble rage of Mr. GLADSTONE'S "young men" at his inaction only shows their own incapacity to grasp the situation. Their leader may have lost whatever Parliamentary generalship he once possessed—at no time a very commanding equipment; but he has at least enough acquaintance with the art of war to know when the simplest considerations of prudence dictate a strategic movement to the rear. At the most, he could never have contemplated a forward movement of more than a very modest kind on Tuesday last. That is to say, he would have been glad, if he could, to improve somewhat on his majority of two, and to be able to go to the constituencies with some better account of matters than that 213 against 215 of the Commons actually favoured the policy of the "privileged" Chamber. But when he found that he had been misled by his own natural tendency to believe that the usages of the House must lend themselves, as a matter of course, to the projects of its Dictator, and that, in fact, the issue he desired to try a second time was not to be raised, it would have been simply silly to have made the "fighting speech" that his callow supporters have so furiously denounced him for leaving unspoken. The last chance of improving the Parliamentary position had, he must have seen, gone by; and nothing now remains but to let drop the

abortive quarrel with the Lords for a time, and to see what can be made of it hereafter before the constituencies. Assuredly, however, this is no very bright look-out. Even if the desire of the working classes in general for the passing of an Employers' Liability Bill were much more pronounced than it is, it would, to say the least, be no less likely to tell against the Government—who might, as has been repeatedly pointed out, have given ninety-nine per cent. of the workmen the full benefit of the Bill as it was—than in their favour. But the real weakness of their position, both as regards this particular Bill and their measures in general, is that they have not succeeded, by all their pretentious parade of their so-called beneficent legislation, in arousing the slightest popular enthusiasm for their programme. Their Home Rule Bill, as the circumstances of its defeat conclusively demonstrated, was received with complete indifference in every quarter in which it did not excite alarm, indignation, and disgust. Of their Employers' Liability Bill, and its reception, we have already spoken; and, as we write, the fate of the Parish Councils Bill still trembles in the balance. Even if it should be lost, it is at least doubtful whether the vastly superior tactical skill of the Unionist majority of the House of Lords will not have reduced to a minimum the party advantage which the Government think to obtain from its rejection by the Peers. In the enforced abandonment of the Scotch Fisheries Bill they have another rebuff to record—and a rebuff the more humiliating because this, too, has been invited by their own mismanagement, and inflicted upon them with the undisguised sympathy of a not unimportant section of their supporters.

All these reverses would, no doubt, have been much mitigated to them if they could have successfully picked the desired quarrel with the House of Lords. But in this, too, they have lamentably failed, and it is easy to see that they know it. Such quarrels are not, as a rule, very difficult to get up. They require only an unlimited amount of unscrupulousness and a certain modicum of Parliamentary generalship. Amply supplied with the former requirement, Ministers committed the somewhat serious blunder of supposing that they could dispense with the latter. It is at least necessary in these cases that a Government should manoeuvre for position with sufficient skill to prevent the Lords from securing the popular side in a dispute; yet this is exactly what the Ministry of genius have repeatedly failed to do. The truly comic result of their mismanagement is that, when the Government and the House of Lords refer their dispute to the constituencies, it is the latter and not the former who will be championing the freedom of the working-man, upholding the sacred principle of the Ballot, maintaining the control of English Parliamentary representatives over English affairs, and protecting Scotch ratepayers against inequitable taxation. If the Government had deliberately gone about to burden themselves with the defence of unpopular causes, they could not have accomplished that object more thoroughly than they have. In such circumstances they cannot seriously entertain much hope of being able to disguise the dismal fiasco of the Session by the ingenious device on which they have been relying. The agitation against the House of Lords is obviously doomed to fall as flat as those measures which that House has so legitimately opposed; and the Government will be left alone with the discredit of their unrealized programme. If it is true that nothing succeeds like success, it is no less true that nothing fails like failure. Long after the forced and momentary agitation against the Lords has died away, the constituencies will remember that, for the first time in Parliamentary history, a Government has prolonged a Session for thirteen months, and only



succeeded in passing one important Bill. And that is one of those hard and awkward facts which make an impression not easily effaced from the popular mind.

#### THE ANARCHISTS.

THE danger that society will be provoked into barbarism by the attacks of the Anarchists is perhaps more remote at the present moment than the peril that it will be seized with panic. It is at least reported that the last two outrages in Paris, those of the Rue St.-Jacques and the Hôtel de la Renaissance, have produced a visible effect. The Parisians, so we are told, are quiet and very frightened. This fear is quite consistent with the growing rage which is plainly filling their minds, partly against their own police, partly against us. It is probably useless to tell terrified and angry people that fear and rage are the worst of counsellors. Those in whose minds they have been well established are beyond the reach of reason. Yet the French might really reflect for a moment that, when all is said and done, the combined efforts of their own and the Spanish Anarchists have not succeeded in doing as much damage as has often been done in an hour by an accidental fire in a theatre. The burning of the Ring Theatre, in Vienna, was a disaster which dwarfs all they have done into insignificance; so was the sinking of the *Northfleet* or of the *Kapunda*, or the burning of the *Kirkpatrick* at sea. Panic is what these scoundrels desire to produce, and the best of all ways of defeating them is to refuse to be panic-stricken. It is, no doubt, quite hopeless to persuade the coward that the most dangerous thing he can do is to turn his back, except by making him clearly understand that he will suffer grievously at the hands of his own side if he does not keep facing the right way. We trust that Frenchmen who may have the opportunity of applying the stimulus will not fail to do so.

The rage which the French are disposed to direct against ourselves and their own police, being the outcome of sheer fear, seems likely to be equally unreasonable. We are by no means prepared to assert that Continental Powers have not some ground of complaint against us. They have; and they had when we harboured MAZZINI, with his itch for promoting futile revolts, and his readiness to recommend the use of the patriotic dagger. But how would the party which is uppermost in France to-day have stood if we had listened then to the Governments of Europe, asking us not to harbour the "enemies of society"? The answer that they were not dynamiters only amounts to this, that then they were out and had a pardonable leaning to the patriotic dagger, whereas now they are in and have a natural dislike of the Socialist dynamite which is used against them. Again, it is probably useless to request the invincible ignorance of Frenchmen to grasp the fact that the HOME SECRETARY can only do what he is legally entitled to do. It would do the French no harm if they were to remember that it was not we who educated EMILE HENRY, that interesting Bachelier-ès-Sciences, or who filled his head with knowledge of which he could make no use. It was not we who brought up RAVACHOL, LÉAUTHIER, VAILLANT, and the rest amid the worship of the Goddess of Lubricity, and what always goes with it, which is cruelty. It was not we who taught them that they have a right to be happy, that happiness consists in indulging your appetites, and that the desire to enjoy is an "extenuating circumstance." All these things were done and taught by Frenchmen to Frenchmen, and it is really not amazing that they should have to stand the consequence.

French complaints and English recriminations are, however, equally idle and unwise in the face of a real danger which is common to both. We had better consider seriously what we are to do with our Anarchists between us. The question is by no means so easy to settle as some people appear to think. Police efforts do not seem to do much good. To judge by the results, the zeal and activity of the French do not produce any better effect than the apparent indifference of ours. At the beginning of the year we heard of wholesale arrests of Anarchists all over France, yet EMILE HENRY was able to obtain his bomb, bide his time, and perpetrate his outrage in as much freedom as he could have enjoyed if the French Anarchists had been as little molested as the members of the Autonomie Club. Moreover, it appears from the story told of the alleged discovery of the authors of the explosion in the Rue des Bons Enfants, that HENRY had been suspect and in the hands of the police long ago, yet he was able to perpetrate this outrage. On Monday we heard of fresh perquisitions, of the arrest of M. SÉBASTIEN FAURE, and of the capture of papers. The next piece of information is the partially successful trick with the bombs which were laid in "booby-traps" in the Rue St.-Jacques and the Hôtel de la Renaissance. Police energy does not seem to have done much to the purpose here. The fact is that it is exceedingly difficult to prevent such outrages as these in Paris. Two-thirds of the population spend the evening in cafés which are open to all points of the compass. More than two-thirds of the population live in great barracks of houses, subdivided into sets of rooms which can be hired from the concierge for a small fee in hand by anybody who likes. A little handful of determined criminals must have many opportunities of doing mischief in these surroundings. It seems to be pretty clear now that EMILE HENRY constructed the bomb he used, and others into the bargain, in his own rooms in Paris. The French must submit to a stricter supervision of cafés and of the letting of houses. It is to be noted that this last set of outrages, unlike those of RAVACHOL and VAILLANT, have been directed against cafés and houses in the outlying parts of Paris. From this it appears that the Anarchists consider that the places they might be expected to attack would be too well guarded.

The determined optimism of Mr. ASQUITH is the most interesting feature of our part of the Anarchist trouble as yet. As regards the man BOURDIN, there is not even yet much to be said, except that all the evidence goes to show that he shared the fate of the Irish scoundrels who were blown to fragments by their own dynamite while endeavouring to destroy London Bridge. So may they all perish; but unluckily we cannot feel any assurance that this will be their end. The next BOURDIN may be able to throw his bomb before it goes off. What we very much wish to know is whether all those precautions are taken which it is possible to take; whether Mr. ASQUITH thinks that the Home Secretary has sufficient powers, and whether, if he does not think so, he will ask for more. We really do not care what is done with the corpse of MARTIAL BOURDIN, as long as it is nothing indecent. To ask Mr. ASQUITH to treat his body as that of a murderer, because he was to all intents and purposes one, is silly. We wonder what HER MAJESTY'S Judges would say if they were asked to sentence some one without waiting for a verdict, because it was manifest to the eye of common sense that he was to all intents and purposes a murderer. Enough will have been done if care is taken to prevent any demonstration at the funeral, and this much the HOME SECRETARY has decided to do, though not without a show of reluctance, which we suppose was meant to please the Radicals, whose love of freedom is such that they go very tenderly in suppressing crime

directed against the classes—those natural foes of freedom. Mr. ASQUITH, we repeat, can only do what he has a legal right to do. But an English Home Secretary who thinks his powers insufficient can ask for more. If this country is to be pestered by Anarchist scoundrels whom our good neighbours turn out with a perfect knowledge that they will all come here, it would seem that the time has come for another Alien Act. Is Mr. ASQUITH going to ask for one? Is he going to ask for further powers to stop incitement to crime, or is he even going to use those which he has already? These are really questions which ought to be answered. It is idle to complain of the police for not arresting the members of the Autonomie Club, unless they had sufficient evidence on which to proceed against them. But it is not idle to say that, if the law cannot protect us from having these ruffians inflicted upon us, it might be amended.

#### AN AMERICAN PAUL PRY.

HAS a public man any rights which an American newspaper correspondent is bound to respect? May a public man be deemed to be private anywhere? Does he not carry his publicity with him wherever he may go? These questions have already been answered in practice, and answered in the negative. There must be no secrets even between him and his physician. The ubiquitous reporter penetrates into the consulting-room, or pretends to have done so; and recounts in animated dialogue the conversation which passes between doctor and patient. In the days of Lord TENNYSON'S celebrated remonstrance, "knaves and clowns" were content to "hold their orgies at the tomb" of the great man; "the carrion vulture waited" until his death "to tear his heart before the crowd." Now, the carrion crow picks out his eyes while he is living. The purveyor of "personals," as they are called in the classic language of American journalism, is not content to deal with the character of the dead, and to proclaim the faults he would not show. He busies himself with the maladies of the living, and proclaims the physical infirmities, whether of old age or disease, or both, which the subject of them is naturally anxious to veil. The mere instinct of animal modesty, one would think, would impose a restraint on the prurient curiosity which pries and peeps into the sick-chamber or the physician's consulting-room, and upon the venal competition, calling itself journalistic enterprise, which makes a market of its information or its fabrications as to the condition of this statesman's eyes and that statesman's ears, and a third statesman's digestion. Like some animals, the public curiosity requires to be fed with living food. It cannot wait for the posthumous disclosures of biography. It likes to stare at the living man, with a circumstantial account of whose ailments it has been regaled, and to compare his appearance with the pathological details which have been made known to it.

Mr. GLADSTONE has recently been made the victim of a journalistic outrage which goes lengths in its disregard of conventional and natural propriety that have seldom been reached. The *New York Tribune* of the fourth of this month published an account, which we shall not repeat, of the condition of Mr. GLADSTONE'S sight. To this dramatic piquancy was given by an imaginary dialogue between the PRIME MINISTER and his Chester physician, Dr. GRANGER, which for utter absurdity has never been surpassed. It was neither true nor well invented. The reporter tried to shelter himself from responsibility in the ordinary fashion. He did not pretend to have been a third at the consultation, but he had his account of it from a source which he

believed to be trustworthy. "The real facts," he said, "are known to few," and he proceeded to make these real facts, which were transparent fictions, known to as many persons as the *New York Tribune* has readers, and as became indirectly acquainted with what it has published. Mr. GLADSTONE was made to exhibit an ignorance of physical conditions which are within the knowledge of most shopboys, and was made to express himself with a boisterous impatience for an immediate surgical operation "here and now, while I am sitting in this chair," which would have been hissed as extravagant caricature if it had been attributed, in similar circumstances, to the typical angry old man of farce. It did not occur to the reporter that the facts which were known to few were restricted to their knowledge because they were improper of communication to the many. The usual pawing over follows. The reporter falls into an ecstasy over the "gallant old man," while attributing to him an outburst of perverse and wrong-headed folly. "What," he says, "could be more admirable than the courage and resignation he showed?" The narrative was probably intended for American readers only. But the *Times*, we regret to say, made itself an accessory after the fact to the outrage, by reprinting it. Between the origination of stories such as this and their reproduction, it is difficult to see any moral difference. Perhaps the error of the *Times* is more significant of the degradation of journalism than the fault of the *New York Tribune*. So Englishmen, at least, may regard it.

Dr. GRANGER, of course, was straightway interviewed by the representative of an evening paper; and contradicted, point by point, the statements of the American journalist. It was unnecessary that he should do so; for a general, though formal, contradiction had been given in Mr. GLADSTONE'S own name. It is surely the duty of a doctor to hold his tongue about his patients. What passes between him and them ought to be as sacred as what passes in the confessional. Is it not time that the authorities of the medical profession should take steps to prevent the intrusion of the newspaper reporter into the confidences of the consulting-room? The sense of professional obligation seems to be wearing out in the quest of notoriety or of social recognition. There are in another profession practitioners who are invited into such great houses as they find access to on the understanding that they are to be indiscreet, and who pay their way at the cost of their clients. These things may be subjects for the Incorporated Law Society to look into. As for the journalist of the new and degraded school, it is difficult to see where the remedy lies. Like the Blatant Beast of SPENSER'S poem, he pursues the objects of his chase into their "dortours sad, and searches all their cells and secrets near," "oft interlacing many a forged lie." Not that he necessarily lies consciously. M. RENAN, in the concluding and posthumous volume of his *Histoire du Peuple d'Israël*, describes the mental condition of the inventors of the late fables which gathered round the names of MOSES and ELIAS—"On mentait et on croyait son mensonge; *singunt simulque credunt*." He adds: "L'Amérique, vu son manque de grande culture," is the easy victim of similar impostures. We have there the Gladstonian legend in its growth.

#### THE GOVERNMENT AND LOCAL VETO.

ANOTHER of the continually multiplying proofs that the Government possess "the unanimous support of the working classes" of this country was supplied the other day by that deputation from the London Trades Council and various Radical clubs which



waited upon Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to deliver a whole string of vigorously worded protests against the Local Veto Bill. These astonishing malcontents, whose mere existence is so difficult to reconcile with the Gladstonian theory of the universal opinion of their class, are stated to have expressed "extreme dissatisfaction" with the Ministerial measure in question, on the ground, not only that it is oppressive in principle, and would be unworkable in practice, but that, though no doubt free from that "poison of liberty" of which another Government Bill has just died, it is tainted with a virus of a kind which Mr. GLADSTONE once professed to hold in still greater horror—that, namely, of class legislation. "This particular proposal," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S visitors, "was regarded by them as one devised for the 'benefit of the well-to-do at the cost of the worker.' It would leave the rich in the enjoyment of all the comforts and conveniences which they possess at present, while depriving thousands of the poorer classes of their already much more restricted facilities for the satisfaction of their legitimate wants. As regards its bearing on the broader question of legislative policy, the Bill appears to the deputation to be an 'unwarrantable attempt by the teetotal party to 'control individual liberty for the supposed benefit of 'the habitual drunkard, whose depraved appetite was 'to be used as a weapon for the destruction of human 'freedom.' And their opinion as to the political result of the measure is given in the pretty decided form of the proposition that, 'if its scheme were 'thoroughly understood by the working classes, it 'would be almost universally condemned.'"

All this is extremely hard to understand. If these Trade-Unionists and members of Radical clubs could be safely regarded as representative, it would follow that the Government do not really know as much about the wishes of the working class as they imagine. But then how to reconcile this conclusion with the assumption necessary to justify their heroic immolation of the Employers' Liability Bill? The workmen, they have assured us, are determined to have that Bill, that whole Bill, and nothing but that Bill, and the suggestion that there is any division of opinion among them worth mentioning could only proceed from ignorance. The House of Lords may imagine that there is such division of opinion—may even suppose that the desire of the minority to be exempted from the operation of the measure is infinitely stronger than the inclination of the majority to include them in it against their will; but that is simply because the House of Lords are "out of touch" with the working classes. For the only true information as to their wants and wishes, application should be made to the Gladstonian party, through their recognized leaders. Yet here again, as on the question of "contracting out," we are confronted by another of those fallacious indications of disunion among a body of electors who, we have the Gladstonian word for it, are absolutely unanimous in favour of the Gladstonian policy. Nay, in this, as in the former case, it is something more than disunion that seems to meet the eye. For, just as the working class objectors to Mr. ASQUITH'S measure have been as energetic in their opposition to it as its supporters among the same body have been persistent in dissembling their love for it, and in sternly repressing their admiration for its provisions, so have the friends of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S Bill allowed its enemies to have all the talk to themselves. The whole affair, we repeat, is exceedingly puzzling.

We are inclined, however, to agree with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that it is hardly worth while to inquire closely into the exact proportion between the supporters and the opponents of the last-mentioned scheme, for the simple reason that there is no ground whatever for regarding it as a serious proposal. It is

merely the outcome of an arrangement between Ministers and the teetotal section of their party, whereby the former have agreed to introduce a Local Veto Bill on the understanding, acceded to by the latter, that no attempt shall be made to pass it into law. Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his friends are for the present, that is to say, content with the lift which is given to their fad by its formal inclusion in a Ministerial programme, while the Government on their part are, of course, well satisfied to have squared a somewhat troublesome faction of their supporters on such comparatively easy terms. It is, no doubt, the calculation of both parties that a general election will take place before any attempt can be made to advance the Bill; and in that case the Government will be able to put off the evil day of the attempted realization of their proposals, while the teetotalers will be better able than before to force local veto in the form of a test question down the throat of every Gladstonian candidate. It is a hand to mouth arrangement eminently suited to meet the temporary needs of a Government which must live from hand to mouth or die, though whether Ministers will not have bitter occasion to regret it when the next election comes we have yet to see.

#### THE ITALIAN FINANCES.

IF we may use so frivolous a comparison for a grave business, the Italian Government is somewhat in the state of mind of the country gentleman who found himself called upon to make an effort to cause both ends to meet. He considered his hunters, his carriage, his racehorses, his yacht, and his house in town, and decided that the paramount necessity of keeping up his position in the county made it impossible for him to part with any of these. Lest, however, it should be said that he had not made a manly effort to bring his expenditure within his income, he put down the sixpence a week which had hitherto been spent upon the *Illustrated London News* for the nursery. Italy has an army and navy out of all proportion to her resources. The plain truth about them in consequence is that they are a great deal more show than substance—ships without competent crews, and cadres of regiments without trained men in the ranks. For the sake of these more or less sham forces Italy has drifted to the verge of bankruptcy. Her most certain way of escaping a discreditable tumble over would be to cut down her overgrown armed forces. That, however, is the one thing she will not do. Her economy is confined to saving money by decentralization at some future and indefinite period, and to putting a stop to the grants in aid which have hitherto been given to the local government bodies.

No doubt Italy is invited to do something more effectual than make contingent and illusory economies. She is asked to make an effort to increase her income. Indeed, she is to make efforts. Signor CRISPI, by the mouth of Signor SYDNEY SONNINO, has called upon the Chamber to help him in increasing the taxes already paid in some six or seven different ways, ranging from fresh tenths on the land-tax, through increased salt and wheat dues, to a general income-tax. No doubt, if Italy can bear the burden, and on one other condition, these increased taxes will enable the Ministry to balance the Budget. The question of ability is one on which the Italians themselves must be supposed to be the best judges. The world is under the impression that Italy is taxed to the limit of its power to pay already; but it may be that it is rather the incidence than the amount of the taxation which is so severely felt. But, supposing Italy can pay, then there remains the condition of which we have already spoken. Will the Italians who are best able to pay do so honestly, and give up

their ingrained practice of wriggling out of their obligations by every trick of fraud and every species of intrigues? To those questions we, for our part, would be very sorry to give affirmative answers. If the moneyed classes of Italy dealt honestly with the national finances, their country would not be in the position of embarrassment in which it finds itself to-day. As they have hitherto more or less successfully avoided paying the smaller sum, it is eminently unlikely that they will in future be found cheerfully paying the larger; and, if they do not, all this elaborate financial edifice of Signor SONNINO'S will not exactly come to the ground—it will never even be built.

A general survey of the financial proposals of Signor CRISPI'S Cabinet leaves us with the distinct impression that Italy is to retain all its burdens and is to chance the increase of its revenue which will balance its Budget. The Government's gains are uncertain, but the unpopularity it will incur is undeniable. Even the conversion of the Debt is to be so managed as to bring in next to nothing. In the meanwhile the withdrawal of the grants in aid to the local governing bodies will certainly cause the most profound disgust. The removal of the State Octroi will, no doubt, be a relief to the working class; but it is compensated by a corn duty which will raise the price of bread, and then, in exact proportion as the Octroi is taken off, the new taxes will fail to be an increase of revenue. Be it noted that the Cabinet only hopes to effect economies in its administrative expenses at some future period. On the whole, the outlook is not encouraging for the friends of Italy. Heavy fixed charges far in excess of its revenue, to be met by possible economies not yet defined, and confessedly not practicable at once, or by increased taxes, of which the product is doubtful, make a combination very capable indeed of spelling bankruptcy.

#### ENTERTAINING DYNAMITERS AWARES.

WERE it not that party politics are singularly out of place in dealing with such freaks of civilization as the wretched Bourdin, it might be tempting to the opponents of the present Government to dwell on the causes which may be supposed to assign to Liberal Ministries the task of coping with the apostles of reform by outrage. As it is, no Conservative will grudge Mr. Asquith such credit as is his due for the general line of policy which he indicated on Tuesday in answer to a question put to him in the House of Commons by Colonel Howard Vincent. If a man's opinion may be divined from a question he asks, the gallant Colonel desires that measures should be taken to check the flow of criminal aliens to our shores from regions where the police regulations are, if not more efficient, at least a great deal more harassing. To this Mr. Asquith replies that he possesses no power of diverting or obstructing the flow of the stream; that he does not desire any such power; and that the danger to be met is best coped with by other means. Most persons who do not share the opinion that a startling crime calls for an extraordinary method of repression will agree with the principles he so lays down, though it is to be feared that certain differences of opinion might arise between them and the Home Secretary in their application. Although Mr. Asquith's statement of the present state of the law in this country is no doubt correct from the point of view of the administrator, exception may be taken to it from the point of view of the constitutional lawyer. The State has certain executive powers which can be, and have been, used in exceptional circumstances, and with a cumbrous and inconvenient form of procedure. The State owes no legal duties directly to aliens; if they suffer a wrong at the hands of the State, their remedy must be enforced through their own Governments, and can be enforced only through previous treaties, or by negotiation, or ultimately by war. When an English Captain destroyed a slave-dealer's barracks on the coast of Africa, and his action was adopted by a Secretary of State, it was held that the slave-dealer had no legal remedy

against the sailor. During the American Civil War the ports of England were open to both sides for some purposes; but when a ship of one side had left a port, a ship of the other side was not allowed to follow it for twenty-four hours. Had the slave-dealer's establishment been the property of an Englishman in England, or had the American ships been English, there would have been no power in England to take similar measures in respect of them. In the same way the Government could legally prevent any given alien, or indeed any aliens, landing in England; and when they had landed could probably deport them without any fear of legal consequences. No machinery, however, exists for the exercise of any such power, and indeed the deportation of a criminal alien would be practically impossible, as there is no dry land to deposit him on, unless he were marooned, and unshipping him at the three-mile limit, though a picturesque proceeding, would offend too deeply against the canons of modern civilization to be a convenient method of procedure. While the powers for the prevention of the importation of criminal aliens are thus incapable of being used, it is not easy to see how any useful change could be effected by legislation. The importation of paupers is one thing, that of criminals is another. Bourdin was a ladies' tailor, and could on occasion command at least 13*l.* 10*s.*; he was therefore no pauper, and, as far as any official inspection could go, might well pass for a useful workman. Similarly, most of the persons who have landed in England from America for the amiable purpose of destroying anything they could have arrived with a reasonable supply of money and a plausible excuse for their journey. Any hindrance to the flow of immigration from the Continent, or re-migration from America, would inflict great hardships entirely contrary to our national policy, and to the prevailing distribution of labour, and would probably be entirely ineffective to stop the entrance into the country of the worst kind of villain. Any extraordinary method for the suppression of crime which is not effective is a danger, as the performance of a troublesome routine inevitably gives a false sense of security to the persons on whose shoulders the useless labour falls. Mr. Asquith is, therefore, right in avoiding any sensational remedies of which the novelty and inconvenience would pass for efficiency.

The right method for meeting the illegitimate with the legitimate resources of civilization is to improve the old methods of repression by developing the more efficient ones, and to take advantage of the increasing power of science by adopting all possible devices afforded by modern organization. The most obvious way of detecting crime is to give ample powers of search to suitable persons. A magistrate can now issue some thirty forms of search-warrants, a collection of which would form a characteristic example of the haphazard, but not therefore inefficient, character of the greater part of our Statute Law. The warrant adapted to dealing with the modern explosive-laden criminal is granted under the Explosives Act of 1883—an Act undoubtedly passed in a moment of something very nearly approaching panic, but saved from bearing traces of its origin by the official experience of its draughtsman. That Act, curiously enough, makes the warrant possible by a reference to the other Explosives Act framed to meet the defaults of a highly respectable body of manufacturers and tradesmen. It is to be presumed that the proceedings of the police at the raid on the Autonomie Club (which would, no doubt, have been a most excellent performance had it taken place two days before) were conducted under such a warrant; but had the Autonomists so behaved themselves as to be suspected of aiming at arson, train-wrecking, or some form of wholesale devastation other than explosion, the difficulties of the police might have been considerably greater than they were. The wit of man should surely be able to devise, and the liberties of the subject should surely be able to survive, the institution of a power to grant a warrant to search any premises where there is reason to suppose that a plot of a criminal kind is being carried on. In France it would appear that there is a power in the police to search any place where a criminal is supposed to be. The English police have considerable powers to search for an accused criminal, and probably often exercise their powers in a way which might lead them into a false position if criminals were in a position to take their stand on technical points of law; but a general extension of their powers of search would probably add considerably to their efficiency as a detective agency. The power



created by the Act of 1883 to hold a magisterial inquiry when a crime is supposed to have been committed, but cannot be ascribed to any individual, is, unfortunately, the object of keen partisan feeling; but it is undoubtedly a most powerful instrument for the detection of crime. Considering what has been achieved by its exercise in Ireland, its universal application to England and Ireland would, no doubt, make largely for the security of honest men; though it cannot be denied that it belongs rather to the Continental, and Scotch, view that the punishment of crime is a matter for the inquisition of the State, than to the English theory that it is a combat between two individuals.

The detection and prevention of crime must, however, always be a question of men rather than of law. The English police cannot be congratulated on the circumstances of the death of the miserable Bourdin. It is, however, a poor kind of wisdom which merely grumbles at a failure. Our police may have their weak points, but they have also their good ones; and as they are, so we must make the best use of them. How far Mr. Asquith is justified in making an implied complaint as to the want of "a more constant and concerted interchange of information and combined action" between the police forces of various countries, Scotland Yard best knows; and, no doubt, will not say. For the detection of the more serious kind of criminal the police forces of various countries ought to be as much combined as are the various bodies of police in this country. Civilization has at least provided endless means for the identification of individuals, and the more free the passage of suspected persons is from one country to another, the more certainly ought that passage to be noted, and the information so acquired acted on. The freedom enjoyed by such an establishment as the Autonomie Club should favour the police more than the criminals. The career of the spy can never be widely honoured, but it should, at all events, be exciting and lucrative to a due extent. How far these and other resources for the prevention of crime are made use of is not, and never should be, made publicly known. But they, at all events, afford far more profitable means for the end aimed at than any theatrical legislation on new lines, which would probably be worse than inefficient, and certainly most inconvenient to honest men.

#### DOUNE CASTLE.

**D**ESPITE the glamour which hangs around the old coaching days, and touches us with tender regret for the neglect which has fallen on the wayside taverns and change-houses, it is safe to say that not one of the present generation would honestly like to return to that state of things which railways brought to an end. Nevertheless there are certain parts of the country where sagacious holiday-makers will desert the iron road, and take a spell of posting or even of walking; parts which the democratic bicycle has opened up afresh for thousands of light travellers, but of which there is no reason why those who move more sedately should not also enjoy the beauty.

One such tract lies between Stirling and Callander. Here is a district more thickly peopled with the past than most others; for, though the traveller turns his back on Bannockburn, every step of the way is through ground fought over times without number by Piet and Briton, Roman and Gael, Highland Cateran and Lowland Scot, Stuart and Guelph. It is a strange foretaste of the millennium that these woods and crags, which have so often echoed the battle-cry of the hillmen, or bellowed with the thunder of culverins, carthouns, basilisks, serpents, and other mediæval artillery, which made up for its inefficiency by an awe-spreading nomenclature, should now be shaken by no sound more vengeful than the scream of engines on the Caledonian railway.

Leaving on the right the Abbey Craig with its excrescent monument to Wallace, the road traverses the level carse as far as Bridge of Allan—the thermæ of Stirling and Glasgow—where it climbs the ridge dividing Strathallan from the Carse of Menteith. When clear of the woods of Keir—erewhile the home of that prince of booklovers, Sir William Stirling-Maxwell—the wayfarer will do well to turn aside and rest beside some nameless standing stones a little to the right of the road. An earlier and more confident generation would not have hesitated to dub these Druidic; but latter-day antiquaries are provokingly cautious, and all

that they will be got to say of them now is that they are amorphous monoliths.

There are certain standard landscapes one wots of, which views of lesser note often bring to mind. The prospect from this point recalls that looking northward from a little hill outside Turin, much resorted to by tourists. Instead of Monte Rosa, there is the shapely dome of Ben Ledi; Stuc-ma-chrom takes the place of Il Gran Paradiso, which, as the Torinian vendor of bad field-glasses never wearies of testifying, *vous empêche de voir le grand Mont-Blanc*; and, far to the west, instead of the many-crested Alpes Maritimes, you have the Argyleshire hills clustering behind the cloven crest of Ben Lomond. But, instead of the level Lombard champain, rich in vines, wheat, and maize, the middle distance and foreground consists of shining oat-stubbles and turnip-fields, undulating among belts and clumps of wood, piebald with russet beech and rifle-green firs. And, in sooth, on this clear, frosty morning, when the Highland hills are white with the first October snow, and the sky is barred with but a few fleecy cloudlets, no Scotsman need shrink from a comparison of the two lands.

Two buildings, each on an imposing scale, catch the eye—one, a couple of miles to the east, at the foot of the Ochil range, is the Hydropathic Establishment of Dunblane (whence the extraordinary wealth of hydropathy in Scotland!), arrogantly new and square, affronting the prospect and dwarfing the old Cathedral, which has of late been reverently, discreetly, and altogether rightly restored as the parish church; the other, as far to the west, is Doune Castle, grey and timeworn, but shining in the sunlight like a tarnished silver clasp in the great girdle of woodland that lies about the feet of the Highland hills.

Murdoch, second Duke of Albany, who was to lose his head as soon as his master, James I., returned from captivity in England, signalized his Regency, from 1419 to 1424, by the erection of at least two notable strongholds, one of which is famed Tantallon and the other Doune Castle. It was just the time when Scottish defensive or domestic architecture (the epithets are synonymous when applied to buildings of that day) moved forward from the plan of a simple keep, entered on the second floor by a movable ladder, to the grander design of continuous building surrounding a central court. The keep still remained an important feature, but the rooms in it were larger than of old; the inmates were no longer huddled into comfortless apartments where cooking, eating, and sleeping went on simultaneously. Banqueting halls, chapels, visitors' suites and offices were added; all showing a desire for greater refinement, and a revival from the poverty of the previous century, when the national exchequer and private resources had been drained to the lowest ebb in the long struggle for independence.

Still it strikes one, even in a pile of the importance of Doune, how vastly inferior is the workmanship, whether constructive or decorative, applied to Scottish domestic architecture of this date, to the magnificence of design and excellence of handiwork shown in contemporary ecclesiastical buildings.

In Doune Castle the complete plan of the quadrangle has never been carried out, but the wall of enceinte, nearly 50 feet high, remains on the south and part of the east and west sides, showing the scale of the architect's design, and adding dignity to the ruins. That it was intended to finish it is evident from the "tusks" left in the gables, and the preparations for windows in the south curtain wall. The site is a green promontory between the confluent streams of Teith and Ardoch. The arched entrance passes under the great hall in the keep, and another unusual and picturesque feature is the scitatory, lofty round tower flanking the main gate. The iron-grated oaken doors still revolve on their hinges at the end of the porteauils.

Some of the rooms are of noble proportions. The common hall in the keep measures 44 feet by 26; but the banquetting hall in the west wing, entered by an outside staircase from the courtyard, is 68 feet long by 27 wide, and once had an ornamental open roof. The fireplace, unfortunately, has been removed, which is all the more provoking because that in the common hall, which has been preserved, is a peculiar double-barrelled one. The kitchen is large and vaulted, communicating by two arched openings with a serving room handy to the banquetting hall.

Nevertheless, it was a very strong place this Castle of Doune, for besides the solid masonry the steep ground all round is scored with earthworks. It stands in an important

position, too, commanding two of the principal passes from the Highlands, but little is known of such passages of arms of which it may have been the scene. It is not even certain when it was dismantled. When its builder, Murdoch, laid down his life on the heading hill of Stirling, his splendid new castle passed to the Crown; James IV. gave it to his Queen Margaret, from whom her third husband, Henry Stewart, inherited it. From his nephew, Sir James, it descended to the Earls of Moray, with whom it has since remained. It was dilapidated in 1745, but Prince Charlie's white ensign was hoisted on the keep and it was garrisoned for him, and it will be remembered that Waverley was taken there after parting company with the gifted Gilfillan. It was here, also, that John Home, the poet, was confined with other prisoners taken by the Jacobites at the battle of Falkirk. Six of them, including Home, made good their escape by twisting their blankets into ropes. Four of them had descended in safety, when the rope broke with the fifth. The sixth, Thomas Barrow, slipped to the broken end and let himself drop. He broke some ribs and sprained an ankle, nevertheless his comrades managed to carry him off into safety.

It is a place of sorrowful memories and blighted hopes, yet it has none of the sombre inhospitable aspect of so many ruins in the North. Rather does it give the impression of a baronial palace lying fair to the sun, wherein long trains of guests might be received and treated with rural abundance, French and Rhenish wine and good brown ale; while the courtyard echoed with strains of *jongleurs* and jingle of gilt spurs.

It commands a pleasant prospect, too, far over the deep oak-woods of Blair Drummond, and before it flows the Teith, one of the fairest salmon-rivers in Scotland, where fresh-run fish of goodly size may be had from February to October. These rightly prefer this lucid current, fed from the great lakes of Lubnag and Vennacher, to the sluggish, peaty Forth, which joins it just above Stirling. It might, indeed, be the Abana or Pharphar of anglers but for two hateful impediments in the shape of cruive dykes—one just below Doune Castle; the other, lower down, at Craigforth.

When will Scottish lairds learn the lesson of the goose and golden eggs? Cruive-caught salmon cannot bring the landlord more than sixpence a pound; but there are plenty of people ready to pay a guinea for every salmon they may take with the fly.

#### MONEY MATTERS.

IF the Greek Government acts prudently, there is at last a prospect of a moderately satisfactory arrangement concerning the debt. It will be in the recollection of our readers that a group of bankers on the Continent sent Mr. Ornstein several months ago to study the condition of Greece, that he remained at Athens a considerable time in constant communication with the several Finance Ministers, and that his communications came to nothing. Since then the Ornstein group of bankers have opened negotiations with the representatives of the bondholders in London, Paris, and Berlin, and the result has been a meeting in Paris of the representatives to consider what was to be done. In principle the plan proposed by the Ornstein group was approved of, subject, of course, to such modifications as might ultimately be thought necessary, and subject further to the manner in which the Greek Government would reply to a letter which was addressed by the representatives of the bondholders to it. This letter renews the protest formerly made against the high-handed action of the Government, quotes a promise given by M. Tricoupis in reply to the first protest, and then asks in what manner the Greek Government is now prepared to fulfil that promise. Finally, the letter winds up with an intimation that, if the answer of the Greek Government is satisfactory, the representatives of the bondholders will be prepared to consider in a friendly spirit any rearrangement proposed by the Government. Assuming that the answer is satisfactory, there is little doubt that the negotiations will be pursued on the basis of the Ornstein proposals. Roughly, the position in Greece is this. The Debt, Internal and External, requires an annual payment of about 1,100,000*l.* in gold. But the currency of Greece, as our readers know, consists of inconvertible paper-money, which is at a discount of over 60 per cent. To pay the 1,100,000*l.* a year, therefore, it is necessary to collect about 52 million drachmas in Greek

paper-money. But the total revenue of Greece in the present year is estimated at no more than 87 million drachmas. Consequently, if Greece were to pay the full interest upon her debt, she would retain barely 35 million drachmas to discharge all the offices of the Government, including the support of the army and navy. It is perfectly obvious that this sum is quite insufficient. M. Tricoupis offers to pay one-third of the interest due. The bondholders have protested, not only because the amount is insufficient, but because also of the manner in which the Government has autocratically cut down the interest. The proposal of the Ornstein group would improve matters somewhat at first, and considerably more by-and-by. Mr. Ornstein, apparently, has satisfied himself that it is impossible to collect more revenue at present. Therefore, he advises that a loan of about 3½ millions sterling should be made to Greece to enable her to fund the Floating Debt, to cancel about 70 million drachmas of paper-money—which is the amount by which he calculates the currency is excessive—and to pay the interest on the foreign debt for three or four years. As Greece is unable to pay the interest on her existing debt, it is obvious that nobody would lend her a further sum unless the new loan is given a priority over all existing charges, and that is the point from which the Ornstein proposals start. It will be understood that the money would not be paid into the hands of the Greek Government. The Floating Debt would simply be funded in bonds of the new loan, and the surplus would be retained in London for paying interest, say, for three or four years. Assuming that a priority is given to the new loan, and that the arrangement is carried out, the Ornstein estimate is that about 40 per cent. could be paid from the very start upon the old—that is, the existing Foreign Debt—and that if 70 million drachmas of paper-money were called in and cancelled during the next three or four years, the depreciation of the currency would be greatly reduced. At present about 170 paper drachmas exchange for about 100 gold drachmas. The estimate is that, if about 70 million drachmas were cancelled, the exchange would be at the rate of about 120 paper drachmas for 100 gold. And, if that were brought about, then Greece would be able to pay about 50 per cent. of the interest upon her old, or existing, debt. It will be understood, of course, that this is merely a basis for negotiation. It may be altered in various ways. In fact, one alteration has already been suggested—namely, that the Monopoly Loan should be given a priority, immediately after the new loan, over all the other existing loans, and that this priority should consist either of a higher rate of interest or of a larger sinking-fund. Doubtless several other amendments will be suggested as the negotiations go on. But the main point, at present, is that there is an inclination on the part of the bondholders everywhere to meet Greece in a conciliatory spirit, if the Government is prepared to act as it ought to do.

The Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday reduced their rate of discount from 2½ per cent. to 2 per cent. They had really no option, for the reserve is now so large that they could hardly go on charging 2½ per cent. At the present time the collection of the Revenue is transferring large amounts from the joint-stock banks to the Bank of England, and no doubt the Directors feel that they would not be justified in charging their customers under such circumstances more than is absolutely necessary. Doubtless likewise they are agreed that every warrantable assistance ought to be given to trade. The value of money upon the Continent has been steadily falling since the beginning of the year. In the United States likewise rates are exceedingly low; indeed, the probability appears to be that gold exports from New York will soon begin again. Under these circumstances it seems likely that money will continue for some months to come both cheap and abundant, which will help the recovery in trade that has already set in. The demand for gold for foreign account has quite ceased, and small amounts are being steadily received. During the week ended Wednesday night the net amount sent into the Bank was 212,000*l.*

The India Council on Wednesday again offered for tender 50 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, and succeeded in selling the whole amount at a trifle under 1*s.* 1½*d.* per rupee. Subsequently it sold nearly 2½ lakhs by private contract. Happily the exports from India are now becoming large, and it may be hoped that the Council will be able to dispose of its drafts for some months pretty



freely. But we are within five weeks of the end of the financial year, and we are afraid there is very little chance that the sales will amount to anything like what is necessary to meet all the Council's obligations. Either, therefore, the Council will have to borrow again, or it will have to raise the balance in the next financial year by increasing the amount to be sold. Money in India is very scarce and dear, and consequently the demand for silver has fallen off. The price, therefore, is steadily falling; on Thursday it was as low as 28½d. per ounce—the lowest quotation yet recorded.

The report of Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, & Co. on the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation was issued late on Tuesday evening by the directors. It is a very damaging document, practically showing that the whole of the uncalled capital of the Company has been lost. Messrs. Turquand & Co. say that, even allowing for the amounts that have been written off, and the sums set aside to meet additional depreciation, the assets are still greatly overvalued. According to a balance-sheet appended, the liabilities amount to 967,617*l.*, and the net assets to 641,270*l.*, showing a deficiency of 326,346*l.*, making with the paid-up capital a total deficiency of 926,346*l.* In a later part of the report it is stated that, when all allowances are made, the gross liabilities are estimated at 865,758*l.*, or about equal to the capital still to be called up. The directors question the accuracy of the report; but, while they think that the liabilities are greatly exaggerated, they admit that they are exceedingly heavy.

Upon the Stock Exchange there continues to be a good investment demand for the best classes of securities. A check has been given to the advance in Home Railway Ordinary stocks. They have risen wonderfully for some weeks, and such a check was reasonably to be expected, especially as the report on the Trustees Corporation, referred to above, has rather disturbed the City, although, of course, the condition of the Corporation has long been known to be almost hopeless. In the American department very little is doing, and there is a good deal of uneasiness in the Argentine department, owing to fears of political troubles. The Continental Bourses for the moment are quiet, but the best opinion is that we are on the eve of a considerable rise. The financial statement made by the Italian Finance Minister on Wednesday is bold and statesmanlike. It deals with the whole situation, and shows, as we have led our readers to expect, that the position of Italy is by no means so hopeless as her enemies have painted it. The deficit in 1894-5 is estimated at 7 millions sterling, nominal, and the floating debt at 20 millions sterling, nominal. The Minister proposes economies of nearly 2 millions sterling, and additional taxation of about 4 millions sterling. A better feeling is likewise growing up in Germany in consequence of the commercial treaty with Russia. And in Paris the shifting of investments, consequent upon the conversion of the Four and a Half per Cents, is steadily going on. At the present time the chief demand is for Egyptian Unified, which are at over 103.

It was announced on Thursday that payment of interest and the sinking fund on the Guatemalan debt are suspended. The country defaulted over twenty years ago, but made an arrangement with its creditors in 1888, undertaking to pay 4 per cent. interest, and to apply a sinking fund of ½ per cent. The capital of the external debt is a little under a million sterling. Naturally there has been a very heavy fall in the bonds.

Guatemala bonds closed on Thursday afternoon at 22-26, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 18½. Of this total a fall of 15 occurred on Thursday, when the default was announced. The bonds had been drooping for a couple of days previously. Italian had also a sharp fall on Thursday; the Budget statesmanlike suggesting a reduction of the interest on the Rente to 4 per cent. The Rente closed on Thursday at 73½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3. Greeks of 1881 closed at 29½, a fall of 1. Generally speaking, however, inter-Bourse securities have advanced, more particularly those of South-Eastern Europe and of Egypt. Egyptian Unified bonds closed on Thursday at 103½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. The Daira bonds closed at 105½, a rise of 1½. Turkish Four and a Quarter per Cents closed at 104½, a rise of 1½; and Bulgarian

Sixes closed at 95, a rise of 1. As was to be expected, the shifting of investments in Paris has led to a demand for the securities there in favour. Silver securities are all lower. The Guatemala Government accounts for its default by the depreciation of silver, and naturally this has added to the distrust of silver securities. Mexican Six per Cents closed on Thursday at 62, a fall of 1; Denver Railway Fours closed at 77, a fall of 1½. But Rupee-paper is higher, closing on Thursday at 57½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. The fear of political troubles is depressing Argentine securities. The Funding Loan closed on Thursday at 68½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock closed at 51-3, a fall of 2; and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary closed at 98-100, a fall of 3. With a few exceptions, Home Railway stocks are lower on the week, though in no case is the decline very considerable. North-Western closed on Thursday at 168½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½; Great Western closed at 161, likewise a fall of ½; North-Eastern closed at 160½, a fall of ½; but Great Eastern is up ½, having closed on Thursday at 80½. There is very little change in the best classes of securities, which are still being bought by investors. Colonial stocks are generally higher. New South Wales Three and a Half closed on Thursday at 99, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Victoria Three and a Half closed at 94½, a rise of ½; and Queensland Three and a Half also closed at 94½, likewise a rise of ½.

#### HORSE ARTILLERY AND CAVALRY.

NO portion of the work done at last year's manoeuvres was watched with more interest than that of the Horse Artillery and cavalry, and none perhaps has provoked more criticism. Were we to say that the comments were usually hostile, we should give currency, perhaps, to a wrong impression; and yet who will deny that there is a suspicion of bitterness in the impression produced on the minds of those who thought over the experiences on the Berkshire downs? It is true that the large rolling features of the ground were, perhaps, not wholly favourable to the handling of the arms. Commanders, too, were sometimes circumscribed, as is inevitable in mimic warfare, by the limitations of the "scheme," and batteries and squadrons were suddenly called upon to work together while comparatively strange both to one another and the commander in whose grasp they found themselves. But when all allowances have been made, and it is further admitted that batteries and regiments were individually excellent, and their leaders capable and active, there still remained a want of co-operation to be explained away which is not easily to be got rid of. Officers appeared hardly to realize the relation in which guns and horsemen on active service should stand to one another, and that their action must be complementary, not independent. Too often the guns simply fired upon one another, and the cavalry, having got rid of their adjuncts, "went for" one another as though relieved of an encumbrance. On at least one notable occasion, however, they did not even attempt as much as that, but played the part of Sir Richard Strachan and the Earl of Chatham snugly in the valleys; while the batteries cannonaded one another with dull monotony all the morning. The origin and *raison d'être* of the galloping guns appeared forgotten.

If you allow a cavalry soldier to forget the value of cold steel, and rely on fire-action, you destroy the dash and *élan* which makes him formidable, and should be his characteristic. Therefore Frederick a hundred and thirty years ago ordered his troopers always to attack, and while he discountenanced the use of carbines gave them the necessary support which fire lends, by organizing a light artillery to attend their movements. Napoleon has told us that "cavalry cannot reply to fire, and can only fight with the steel," and fully recognizing where lay the weakness of his horsemen, he gave them an auxiliary in the shape of horse artillery which, so far from hampering their movements, added to their boldness and enterprise when acting independently ahead of his vast armies. The co-operation of the two arms was also then found to work in another direction to the benefit of both, for while projectiles loosen compact formations and render the attack of squadrons more dangerous, the cavalry force the scattered units to draw together and present an easier target for the

guns. Especially was this noticeable during the pursuit of a beaten foe. A battery, bold and well placed, may deny a whole road to the retreating columns, and long lengths of "train" may have to be abandoned on the inroad of a few accurately directed shells. To find examples of ideal horse artillery and cavalry combats we must fall back on the records of great wars at the commencement of the century. The pursuit after Jena, many of our actions during the Peninsular War, and the masterly retrogression from Quatre Bras to the position at Waterloo, will all furnish us with valuable lessons. Of the experiences, indeed, on the 17th of June, 1815, Lord Anglesey has written:—"Thus ended the prettiest field-day of cavalry and horse artillery I ever saw in my life." Why, then, is it that in '66 and '70 the lessons of the earlier wars appeared to have been forgotten, and that in this age, when war is studied as a fine art, we should have to shake our heads at deficiencies in matters that were as A B C to the lieutenants of the Emperor? The truth is, that during the lull which succeeded his downfall much of what had been forced on men in the hard school of experience was forgotten. The campaign of '66, also, was too short a one, the victory was gained after so decisive a fashion that the chances given to the inferior leaders—many of whom, we may be sure, would have utilized the opportunities which time would have brought to them as skilfully as ever did Murat himself—were few and far between. In 1870, although the Germans had assimilated and laid to heart the teaching from the battle-fields of Bohemia, their cavalry and horse artillery laboured under a disability which militated most effectually against great deeds. You cannot knock a man down who declines to stand up and face you, and it takes two, even in war, to make a pretty quarrel. While the invading cavalry divisions worked fearlessly ahead of the main bodies in the true Napoleonic fashion, the French squadrons clung feebly to the tail of the retreat, and did not attempt to advance independently to bar the way of the pursuit. Artillery are to be found surprising the enemy in camp in Vionville and Beaumont, and in the general battle the horse artillery of the Germans may justly claim to have achieved even more than their due share. But the instances of guns and troopers playing into one another's hands, and aiding one another during the swiftly changing situations of a genuine cavalry day, are somewhat to seek.

For while horse artillery can, and should, be utilized with the other field guns, and frequently may find little other scope for its energies, it is when it is acting independently in its true rôle that the brilliant leader will realize his difficulties, and, if he is of the right sort, find his chance. If he is equal to his fortune here, he may with confidence be relied on anywhere. Because it is to be remembered that the leader of our modern cavalry division will find himself in command of a force composed of all three arms endowed with an extra quantity of mobility, and expected to turn such an advantage to complete account. Six regiments of cavalry, two batteries, a battalion of mounted infantry, and four machine guns! What would not a Hodson or J. E. Stuart have given for such a command, and what might he not have done with it! The mounted infantry, it is to be feared, will puzzle our future general most; but infantry in carts were used by the Germans in 1870 ahead of the main bodies with advantage, and a mobile rifleman must, in certain situations, always be a welcome ally. Then the question of an escort to the guns has always proved a difficult one, and, for such a purpose, infantry that can move with them must often be invaluable. We may leave the most judicious application of this adjunct, however, to be decided by the course of practical experience, and when we are quite clear as to the guns and squadrons, we may more fitly discuss it. We saw nothing in Berkshire that encouraged us to think that their handling was properly understood. Theoretically, when a collision between two bodies of cavalry is imminent the guns should move rapidly and boldly forward, straight to their front, considerably ahead of their own horsemen, but yet nearer to them than to the enemy. The sight of a battery thus springing forward, away from its friends, might cause us to imagine that mere rashness and bravado drove them on. But there is sound reason and real security in their temerity. They are seeking to get into action, if they can, before the hostile artillery, and they want to have as long a time as possible in which they may produce their effect. But will not batteries, in such an isolated position, offer a tempting

chance to the enemy, and may they not be charged and ridden through ere they can be supported? By no means. "Going for" the guns is a familiar feature of our manœuvres, and is also a sure symptom of incapacity on the part of one or other of the contending leaders. A regiment which has ridden through a battery should be at the mercy of a ready opponent who has kept his eye on his guns as well as on the squadrons against him. Cavalry which "goes for" artillery during a great cavalry fight in war will almost invariably "give itself away," and can never hope to do a great deal of harm to the immediate object of its swoop. If guns and horsemen work harmoniously together there is no danger in audacity, but, on the contrary, the way to success is most effectually paved by it. The outer flank of the guns will certainly need protection; but a squadron will be sufficient for that purpose, and, if the mounted infantry can really move, some of them may here lend valuable aid. But is this bold artillery officer to fire at the enemy's guns or at his squadrons? In September last he nearly always contented himself with the former as an objective, and what should have been a dashing cavalry affair was prone to degenerate into an artillery duel. Sir Evelyn has told us, however, that this was all wrong, and he should not have been called upon to do so. The arm which for the moment is the most dangerous is the gunner's true target. And since it is by cavalry that a cavalry combat must be won, it is, except in the early stages, on cavalry that the guns should be laid.

The question of the best projectile is more difficult to answer. Common shell is very effective amongst horses, and chargers are the most essential element of a squadron. Time or percussion fuzes, too, have their ardent advocates, and a controversial point lurks for us here, which it is possible may not be satisfactorily set at rest till powder is burnt once more in grim earnest on the Continent. But the vital principle remains, that the hostile line should be shaken by fire ere the collision occurs. And when the two first lines have met, the guns must turn upon those supporting them and in reserve, and moreover be prepared to ward off any flank attack. When one considers how the lie of the ground may interfere with his ideas, how fleeting are the moments at his disposal, and how swiftly the situation may alter, one may well sympathize with the difficulties which beset our artillery officer, and admire the qualities which can guide him to a successful issue. But even more shining evidence of a quick brain and stout resolution will be required when, in the event of the charge of his friends having failed, he has to make up his mind in a moment as to whether he will remain in action or withdraw. We may assume that brave men will leave selfish considerations out of sight, and that their only thought will be how best they may serve their comrades. If a battery limbers up and retires, it may gain a clear front of fire further to the rear. On the other hand, it is the last round of case that often tells most surely, and may turn the scale at the supreme moment. Also, guns limbered up are helpless, and to try and get away may be a very risky proceeding. On the whole, it will often be best to remain stubbornly in position. The most trying situation of all is when a mingled mass of friend and foe comes surging back upon the guns. In such an eventuality Von Schell suggests the heroic remedy of firing indiscriminately into the mêlée, thus disentangling it, and forcing the enemy to loosen his grip. So drastic a course will, however, be unpalatable to any but those of very stern fibre indeed. Perhaps we had better leave the circumstances of the moment to decide the case for us, and lay down no dogmatic rules for occasions which will, after all, but seldom occur. For we have said enough already to convince the most unintelligent that the whole character of cavalry and horse artillery fighting demands unusual aptitude and constant practice on the part of those who undertake it. The gunners and the squadrons should work together always, and, if possible, live together too. Mutual appreciation and reliance can only thus be engendered, and the two arms can only thus be brought to feel that they are necessary to each other, and form a brotherhood. And, unfortunately, it appears from our recent experiences that it is necessary to insist on this point with us. Not only have we horse artillery quartered where there are no cavalry at all, but even when, in our great camp, we place the two in barracks side by side, they have not been accustomed to drill together during the routine work of the drill season, as they ought. We cannot hope that in warfare, either mimic or otherwise, men will suddenly be equal to duties



which should be met with the intuition which springs from close acquaintance and familiarity. The greatest benefit we derive from manoeuvres is that weak spots are brought to light, but these having been discovered the remedy should be applied decisively and energetically. We have the best troopers and gunners in the world, and the officers are as capable as the squadrons and batteries are individually good. But, if they are to be useful in war, the quality of the whole must be equal to that of its component parts; and it is only by welding the mass together during frequent combined exercises that we can ensure a texture uniform and trustworthy.

#### THE THEATRES.

THE production of a farce of purely English origin is so rare a thing as to excite attention if on that account only. *The New Boy*, a farcical comedy—i.e. three-act farce—was presented to the public on Wednesday night on the occasion of Mr. Weedon Grossmith's assuming the management, for a short season, of Terry's Theatre. The writer is Mr. Arthur Law, who is at last to be congratulated on having broken through the limitations imposed upon him by St. George's Hall—an influence from which, it might once have been reasonably feared, he would never be able to escape. That the present work abounds in suggestion of Mr. Anstey's fantastical novel, *Vice Versa*, is far from being a reproach to Mr. Law; it is rather a virtue. Even supposing that Mr. Law has read and assimilated the surprising adventures of Dick Bultitude—and it will be matter for surprise if he has not—his treatment of a subject which might well have fascinated others besides and before Mr. Anstey is original in itself. Moreover, whatever superficial resemblances there may be, there is this fundamental difference, that while the soul of the elder Bultitude enters into the body of his son, Archibald Rennick is Archibald Rennick all through the play, his youthful appearance and the exigencies of the moment leading to the many ludicrous incidents in the play. The suggestion of *Vice Versa* is creditable to Mr. Law, in so far as he here exhibits certain qualities in the delineation of boy-character which we have already learned to admire in Mr. Anstey's work. This may be a favourable opportunity for protesting mildly against the abuse of the title "farcical comedy," inasmuch as in this case we can do so without the resentment aroused by the application of the term to material utterly unworthy to be called either farce or comedy. Here the premised conditions are clearly impossible. The assumption by a small and youthful, and still more youthful-looking, husband of a large and over-mature wife that he is her son of fourteen years, or thereabouts, is essentially a farce-motive, and, as we see here, a very good one. It is as impossible in comedy as it is in fact. To suppose that the expansion of a farce to three acts invests it with the dignity of comedy is the absurdest of fallacies; but it prevails. As to the superiority of all comedy over all farce, there is ground for doubt. In the working out—always skilful and sometimes subtle—of such a scheme as this, there is certainly quite as great room for the exercise of the imaginative faculty as in the elaboration of manners and character proper to modern comedy. To combat yet another unacknowledged fallacy, the absence of coarseness in conception and treatment will not convert farce into comedy, and there is no reason why it should. Comedy can be, and has been, quite as coarse as any farce ever written. The fact is that the latter, in itself an excellent thing, has fallen upon evil days, and few will have anything to say to it. If Mr. Law will go on writing more plays like *The New Boy*, and Mr. Brandon Thomas will give us another *Charley's Aunt* or two, and these authors will honestly call their efforts by their right name, the old reproach will die out, and a capital form of entertainment be revived. Fun, sometimes approaching the boisterous, but never going beyond the limits of good taste, and marvellously well sustained through the three acts, marks the adventures of little Mr. Rennick, who, in the course of his new-schoolboy experiences, is tossed in blankets, caned, and subjected to all kinds of barbarity and indignity, and, finally, having been coerced by a hulking school bully into stealing apples, is caught, prosecuted, and sentenced to be birched. Happily, the author sees the necessity of saving him from this,

which may be paradoxically described as a crowning indignity; but before all is made to go well he has also been subjected to the ogling overtures of a schoolgirl syren who successfully plays him off against an amorous French tutor and the hulking schoolboy. The coquettish damsel is played by Miss May Palfrey with a touch of remarkable fidelity. The hoydenish airs, the scarcely developed but obviously present arts of the natural flirt, are delightfully rendered and with girlish grace, even in the half-tomboy quarrel scene. The part of Archibald Rennick may or may not have been written for Mr. Weedon Grossmith. In the case of some authors who have recently written plays round managers, we should feel inclined to say that it could not have been, since it fits him so well. Without wishing to disparage for a moment the loyal and earnest efforts of Miss Gladys Homfrey, Mr. J. D. Beveridge, Mr. Sydney Warden, and Mr. T. A. Palmer, it must be said that the burden of the play rests upon Mr. Grossmith's shoulders. The part does not seem to afford any chance of great variety, and it is to the actor's great credit that he is never monotonous. Mr. Grossmith has always excelled in the ludicrous expression of abject misery, and here he has full scope; but beyond that his alternations of condescension and dogged despair, and the repeated re-assertions of his grown-up manner in most incongruous surroundings, are used with admirable effect. The undue elaboration of a slight but necessary under-plot did something in the way of hindrance; but excision and sharper playing will soon remedy this trifling objection. The dialogue is remarkable for its bright, terse, and pertinent character and its exuberant humour.

Mr. Gilbert's *Dan'l Druce* was revived on Tuesday afternoon, at the Criterion, apparently for the purpose of introducing two clients of the author to the London public. One of them, Miss Nancy McIntosh, is already known to us on the lyric stage, and it is difficult to avoid a regret that she has not been contented with such success as she has achieved there. Mr. Mollison, who was on Tuesday put into the part of Dan'l Druce, appears to have made a favourable impression on and in the provinces. At the Criterion his merits were not obvious. He is chiefly remarkable for a slight frame and deep voice, and a free command of mannered monotone. The success of the afternoon was Mr. Sidney Valentine's stolidly brilliant rendering of Reuben Haines. It is one of the best characters Mr. Gilbert ever drew—a truculent, long-winded, braggart swash-buckler. Mr. Valentine, whose unobtrusive but thoroughly sound and craftsman-like work during the last year or two has not passed unnoticed by the appreciative, has evidently studied the part with great care and intelligence, and has made a well-nigh perfect picture of it. The performance was not in vain, were this the only result.

Our poverty recently in comic opera, foreign as well as English, has only been equalled by our absolute destitution in the matter of farce. In the present state of affairs, to say that the author and composer of English comic opera have imitated Gilbert and Sullivan, is only to say that they have followed the best models open to them. We will not go so far as to say that Messrs. Stuart Robertson and Howard Talbot have copied the makers of Savoy opera; we wish merely to remark upon the likeness in style of *Wapping Old Stairs*, produced last Saturday night at the Vaudeville, to former works, as a matter of congratulation. A neat, attractive little story, with a grateful touch of nautical melodrama, has been written round the title of an old song which some of us remember with affection; and, although the humorous element may be capable of improvement, the result is in pleasant contrast with anything in the way of English comic opera which we have seen for some considerable time past. It would be ungracious to complain that the music is only bright and melodious, since it pretends to be no more; and, if we remember other patter-songs on hearing those in *Wapping Old Stairs*, we do not resent the reminiscence. At least there is no offence in it, and the rendering could hardly be bettered. Recollections of the Savoy are rendered irresistible by the equally irresistible singing and acting of Miss Jessie Bond, as well as by the sweet tenor voice and gallant bearing of Mr. Courtice Pounds and the excellent work of Mr. Richard Temple.

## REVIEWS.

## HAIDAR ALI AND TIPU SULTAN.

*Rulers of India—Hyder Ali and Tipu Sultan, and the Struggle with the Musalman Powers of the South.* By Lewin B. Bowring, C.S.I., formerly Chief Commissioner of Mysore. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1893.

HYDER ALI and Tipu Sultan have been fitly included among the "Rulers of India"—a phrase which, Sir William Hunter has taught us, is intended to include every one who so wielded power as to stamp his own personality on his times, and to give a special colour to contemporary history. The two leaders who for thirty-eight years held a tight grip on the usurped sovereignty of Mysore have an unquestionable claim to a place in such a catalogue. They were both typical men, and they appeared on the scene at a time when a typical man was certain to make himself felt. The second half of the eighteenth century was a period of golden opportunities to the soldier of fortune in India. Ever since the death of Aurungzebe, in the early years of the century, the great Empire which he had done so much to weaken had been crumbling into absolute ruin. In the paralysis of central authority, rivals were in every direction springing into existence; great officials were asserting independent sovereignty; daring adventurers snatching the sceptre from any hand too nerveless to defend it. In Southern India this process had been going on with great activity. The representative of the Moghul at Hyderabad reigned under the title of Nizam. The Nizam's subordinate at Arcot was scarcely less powerful as a Nawab. In Mysore, where a Hindu dynasty of respectable antiquity ruled over a cluster of adjoining States, the throne was, according to the universal Indian precedent, occupied by a puppet, who was allowed to amuse himself with the shows and pleasures of royalty, on condition of leaving all real power to his Minister. Amid such surroundings Hyder Ali, himself the son of a successful soldier, speedily saw his path to glory. His daring, his resource, his tenacity of purpose, his indomitable resolution, his diplomatic instincts, and his rare military abilities carried him far on that path, and made it seem almost an accident that his projects for using French aid to drive the English out of the country did not prove successful. As it was, he more than once inflicted on English armies disasters among the gravest they had ever experienced; more than once he dictated his own terms to the incapable English officials before the walls of Madras; and his famous descent upon the Carnatic in 1780 would, apart from the gorgeous rhetoric with which Burke has embellished it, be remembered by every student of Anglo-Indian history as among its most terrible and humiliating episodes.

Mr. Bowring's careful and interesting sketch gives a vivid impression of the bewildering congeries of opposing influences amidst which Hyder Ali had, throughout his troubled career, to show an undaunted front. His title was that of an usurper, and the intrigues of the discredited dynasty frequently made themselves felt at moments when they were especially embarrassing. His kingdom consisted largely of provinces pillaged from adjoining States or populations tamed into submission by merciless exercise of a conqueror's rights. He was surrounded by neighbours whom he could neither defy nor conciliate. On four separate occasions Mahratta hordes poured across his frontier, exacted such terms as they chose, and retired laden with the treasure with which their abstention from further plunder had been bought. The Nizam was a shifty and treacherous ally, with territorial grievances which imperilled friendship, and made the opportunity of doing an ill turn too welcome to be declined. The Arcot Nawab was a constant centre of intrigue. The English were hard to deal with, their policy strangely inconsistent, their motives obscure, their good faith not beyond suspicion. Exhibiting at times signal incapacity either to understand an emergency or to provide for it, they were capable, on occasion, of efforts which, as Hyder Ali knew to his cost, baffled all his resources. They were not to be trusted as allies, for they had deserted him in his hour of necessity, and left him at the mercy of his Mahratta foe—a wrong which Hyder Ali treasured up in the secret places of his heart for retribution, and repaid, when his chance came, by turning the Carnatic into a desert. Hyder Ali's position was, at the best, one which could be maintained only by constant vigilance, daring, and tact; and his portrait as drawn by his present biographer—sturdy, relentless, and often ferocious as it is—has a picturesqueness of its own which those who least approve his methods may, nevertheless, be able to appreciate.

Tipu carried out his father's policy with less reserve, inferior diplomatic insight, less instinctive perception of possible contingencies and ulterior results. Unlike his father, he was a

religious bigot, and brought religious persecution to enhance the horrors of his father's procedure toward a conquered foe. A campaign was frequently crowned by a massacre, the deportation of thousands of peasants, and their forcible conversion to the conqueror's creed. It is probable that the extinction of the enemies of the faith lent zest to his projects of an alliance which should drive the English out of the country. Lord Cornwallis, bent as he was on a policy of abstention, could not ignore so outspoken, inveterate, and active a foe, and in 1792 Tipu lay at his mercy, and paid for his anti-English propaganda by the loss of half his territory. This punishment merely intensified Tipu's hatred of his conqueror and his energetic prosecution of his projects of revenge. He sought alliances at Constantinople and at Paris, and invited the Afghan Zaman Shah, at the moment meditating an invasion of Upper India, to join as a co-religionist in driving the hated infidel beyond the seas. By this time the wave of the French Revolution was making itself felt in India, and the well-known absurdity of a tree of liberty planted at Seringapatam with a vast amount of cannonading and speechifying by one "Citizen" Ripaud, and graciously countenanced by "Citizen" Tipu, proved, at any rate, the infectious enthusiasm of the revolutionary propaganda, and the use to which it might be put in fomenting troubles in the East. Napoleon's long cherished project of Asiatic conquest, and of "driving the English out of all their Eastern possessions," was now matter of notoriety, and had received practical confirmation from his abortive occupation of Egypt and his march into Syria. Citizen Ripaud's tree of liberty resulted in an embassy to Mauritius, whose business it was to ask for French aid on a magnificent scale, with a view to the expulsion of the hated foe. General Malartic, the Governor of the island, not being in a position to provide an army, contented himself with a bellicose proclamation, in response to which a small party of volunteers did actually sail for India. As luck would have it, the returning Embassy and the volunteers who had joined it arrived in India at the same moment as the new Governor-General, Lord Mornington, who stood very little in need of any such stimulus to his resolution not to allow French enterprise to stand in the way of English ascendancy. He had already elaborated in his own mind, and probably discussed with Pitt, the Imperial programme of subsidiary alliances, according to which the various States of India would accept the protectorate of the English Government, and so acknowledge it as the paramount Power. Tipu's undisguised hostility stood in conspicuous opposition to Lord Mornington's design; it was certain that collision could not be long delayed. Lord Mornington, having diplomatically won the alliance of the Nizam, and put an end to French influence at his Court by procuring the disbandment of a force commanded by French officers, considered that the moment had arrived when the Mysore Government should be called upon to disarm, and to abandon its alliance with the French. Tipu gave an insolent refusal, and in a few weeks two English armies were concentrating upon the territories of the offending prince. General Harris's army was not one to which Tipu could offer any prolonged resistance; he was presently driven in upon his capital, took an active part in its defence, and fell at last, during the confusion of the storming party to which it succumbed. With his death the short-lived dynasty of the usurpers came to an end; the little kingdom was broken up, part of the territory being assigned to the infant representative of the ruler whom Hyder Ali had originally displaced, and the rest being apportioned among the English and their allies. It is interesting to observe, as indicative of the increased national recognition of our real position in India, that, in the Resolution of the House of Commons complimenting the victorious army, Lord Mornington is thanked for having put an end to French influence, and having "thereby established on a basis of permanent security the tranquillity and prosperity of the British Empire in India"—language which, a few years earlier, would have excited consternation in many minds and disapproval in all.

We must congratulate Mr. Bowring on the workmanship of these biographies. It is by no means an easy task to describe the details of Indian history in a manner that shall be interesting, or even intelligible, to the general reader. The strange names, the unknown personages, the confusion and obscurity from which such scenes as he describes have to be disentangled, are apt to discourage all but the more earnest class of students. Mr. Bowring was formerly the British Resident at Mysore, and is evidently well versed in the history of the local families; but he uses his knowledge with forbearance, while his familiarity with European literature enables him to relieve his narrative by references and illustrations which add much to the agreeableness of its perusal.



## NOVELS.

*Britomart.* A Novel. By Mrs. Herbert Martin, Author of "Bonnie Lesley" &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1893.

*Lisbeth.* By Leslie Keith, Author of "The Chilcotes" &c. London: Cassell & Co. 1893.

*Good Dame Fortune.* By Maria A. Hoyer. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1894.

*Into Temptation.* By A. Perrin. London: F. V. White & Co. 1894.

*The Red-House Mystery.* A Novel. By Mrs. Hungerford, Author of "Molly Bawn" &c. London: Chatto & Windus. 1893.

A PARTICULARLY silly Dora Spenlow was engaged to an extremely, but not more than usually, colourless David Copperfield, and when her ponies ran away with her in Piccadilly—David being occupied at the moment in a shop, buying preserved cherries at Dora's wish—who should coolly and courageously stop their wild career (by taking hold of the bridle) but Agnes, who, by the aid of "a pair of large clear grey eyes, a firm set mouth, and a long thick twist of light brown hair," reminded David, as he hurried up, of Britomart. That twist of hair, of course, had come down in the struggle. This Dora's name was Viola, and this David, in accordance with the present fashion in heroes, which inclines them to be Cornish, was Geoffrey Trevena. Geoffrey did not realize on the spot, as the reader must, that Britomart was Agnes, and did not make her acquaintance until she put his nose out of joint, at the end of vol. i., by being recognized as the illegitimate daughter and residuary devisee of the uncle from whom he had hoped to inherit a competence sufficient to satisfy Mr. Spenlow, who was a "self-made" and rather grasping person. His disinheritance caused his rejection by this gentleman, who was known to his friends as Field, and Viola was reluctantly engaged to somebody else, which left Geoffrey and his newly-found cousin free to flirt like anything. He took her to the play, and she said to him with sweet simplicity, "There was something, I don't know what, that spoilt it a little—something jarred. It was—is that what people would call *French*, Geoffrey?" He replied with judicious vagueness that "it was not quite ideal." They had sat in the pit because "she wanted to see what the people were like." Likewise her favourite preacher was "a man who had outgrown mere episcopacy, but was passionately Christian." In fact, she was a singularly "pure" female, to judge by the frequency with which Mrs. Martin applies that rather disgusting epithet to her eyes, her lips, and her being generally, though it is uncertain whether she uses it in exactly the same sense as Mr. Hardy. When the hideousness of Penrose's *cui bono*—Agnes's name in this story is Penrose—had been sufficiently exposed, Viola suddenly resolved that she must have Geoffrey back, and he would have married her, but she died opportunely of heart-disease, as she was sure to do either before or after marriage. So Geoffrey recovered his lost inheritance, and the pure Penrose got a legitimate title to her surname in the usual manner. It will be seen that there is a good deal in *Britomart* that is offensive, and that the heroine is a bad specimen of the worst sort of prig now extant; but, compared with the general run of novelists, Mrs. Martin is by no means without skill. The plot, though commonplace to the last degree, is rather neatly worked out, and the author has a fair command of English.

The hero of *Lisbeth*, by "Leslie Keith," is not Cornish, but he, too, is in the fashion, for he was a journalist who aspired to write a novel, and did so with some success. Mr. James Carstairs, like the owl, loved a baker's daughter, manifestly doomed to death from her first appearance, but accidentally drowned, instead of perishing piecemeal of pulmonary disease, as one expects. She was, however, beyond his reach, because the baker was as rich as the Aërated Bread Company rolled into one, and had no notion of a squalid son-in-law. He therefore married a doctor's daughter, whom he did not sufficiently love. She loved him, because she lived in a spot so remote that she had never seen any other bachelor except her brother, whose tutor he was. Of this came a certain amount of trouble; but Effie, the baker's daughter, practically made it up between them before she was upset into the pleasant waters of the Thames at Mortlake. The main feature of the book, and much the best thing in it, is the account of the four Scotch sisters, married or widowed in England, of one of whose families Elizabeth was an ornament, of their mutual affection, their parsimony, their family feeling, their faithful dealing with each other's weaknesses, and their characteristic habits of life generally. This is really a good piece of work—whether or not faithful to the Scottish character as it exists we do not say, but coherent, complete, and forcibly presented to the reader. The faults of the book are that the character of the virtuous and sorely tried Elizabeth is incomparably more estimable than

attractive; that the story, in so far as it contains a plot, is ill-jointed, scrappy, and tedious; and that the whole thing is desperately long.

"Good luck!" said Maurice Driver, architect, hero of *Good Dame Fortune*, "to himself at last, 'I verily believe I am in love!' The shock of the thought caused him to raise himself into a sitting posture. . . . The idea, occurring thus suddenly, sent a sort of thrill of warmth tingling through his veins, and made his heart beat sensibly faster for a few minutes." The oddness of these events arises from the circumstance that Maurice had, at the time when he burst into soliloquy, for some days been assiduously spooning, or attempting to spoon, the pretty girl of suitable age who was the object of his reverie. Is it common for the want of self-consciousness to be carried so far in the male animal? It is an accepted theory—accepted mainly upon the repeated allegations of novelists of both sexes—that girls suddenly discover themselves to be ever so much in love just when some crisis has arisen; but is it ever so with men? Does any young man ever pay any attentions to any young woman without asking himself whether he is in love or not, and, if so, how much, and getting some sort of answer? We throw out these suggestions for the benefit of Mrs. Maria Hoyer and a very large number of other writers on the topic. The girl's name was Molly, and naturally Maurice Driver married her (at the end of the story), though her mother was a poor woman who kept lodgings, and he was a gentleman in a rather humble way. The story also contains two fairy godmothers, male and female, who ultimately married each other, as was but suitable. It can hardly be said to have a villain, as the only persons in it who did not behave like angels were a particularly miserable thief, brother to Molly, who comes before the reader only as a fugitive from the police, and dies with commendable promptitude, and a wicked old miller who had forged a will long before, but was permitted to enjoy the fruits of his crime as long as he had any use for them, and to make a will in accordance with his own wishes at the end of his life. Mrs. Hoyer is a little troubled with one or two theories, one about the superior advantages in some households of the male sex, and the other about the existence in the world of evil, of which Mrs. Hoyer cannot approve. Howbeit these cloven hoofs are neither large nor especially obtrusive, and the general result is a reasonably pretty little story, delayed by slightly over-virtuous talking at large by the author not more, perhaps, than one ought to expect.

If a rich, handsome, titled globe-trotter, descending upon a remote station in India, endeavours to win the affections of a very young and extremely silly girl unsuitably married to a disagreeable old gentleman, it is a conceivable thing that he may meet with some measure of success. No more extensive moral can, properly speaking, be drawn from *Into Temptation*, by Mrs. A. Perrin. ("Mrs." is a conjecture, more or less justified by the fact that the story is cast in the form of an autobiography by the young lady.) Yet, somehow or other, as has unfortunately been the fact with several other story-books, the book as a whole is likely to give the impression that of such is the empire of India. In this instance, as it happens, it would be just as reasonable to infer that the population of England consists mainly of ridiculous old female valetudinarians, odious louts from school, and impossibly tiresome persons, as that the English population of India is entirely given up to more or less serious flirtations, varied only by more or less malevolent gossip. But, unfortunately, hasty and ignorant people, who would not think of drawing the former inference are exceedingly apt to draw the latter, and therefore the appearance of *Into Temptation* would be a deplorable event if there were any probability of its attracting any considerable body of readers. Happily there is none.

The mystery of the Red House, which gives its name to Mrs. Hungerford's last story—we suppose it is still the last—was partly Dr. Darkham—mysterious name!—and partly his idiot son. This idiot could only say "Sho," and when he said it was supposed to refer to Mrs. Darkham, whom the Doctor had married for her fortune, regardless of the fact that she was an exceedingly vulgar, offensive, malicious, and exasperating person. Now Dr. Darkham passionately loved Agatha Nesbitt, but she shuddered at him, and loved Dr. Dillwyn, who returned her affection. Mrs. Darkham knew this, and taunted her lord with it to an extent that was quite unbearable, so when she most opportunely fell on her head, and lay at death's door, he stifled her with a wet rag, and no one knew but the idiot, who watched him from behind the curtains of the bed, and he could only say "Sho." When Agatha repulsed Darkham's addresses, and not only accepted Dillwyn's, but hugged him in a garden where Darkham, according to his habit, was lurking behind some bushes, Darkham determined that Dillwyn must die. And just as Darkham, in

the dead of night, was about to get into Dillwyn's bedroom window and stick him with a knife, the idiot pulled the ladder from under him, so that he hung by his nails from the sill. Then the idiot pretended to be Mrs. Darkham (deceased), and Darkham tumbled down with a yell, and the idiot had no difficulty in stifling him with the same rag, ejaculating "Sho" as he did so. It all seems plain enough, and we do not precisely see where the mystery comes in.

#### MR. BRETT'S ARMS AND ARMOUR.

*Ancient Arms and Armour: a Pictorial and Descriptive Record of the Origin and Development of Arms and Armour. To which are Appended 133 Plates specially drawn from the Author's Collection at Oaklands, St. Peter's, and Burleigh House, London. 4to. By Edwin J. Brett. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1894.*

THAT a given book does not happen to be a totally different kind of book is a sort of criticism which is naturally rather irritating to an author. He may have compiled or evolved a goodly volume according to his own light, only to find himself taken to task for not having adopted some other method better in accord with the notions of the reviewer. On the other hand, the critic is nothing if not critical; and, as a matter of fact, there is often, especially in the case of books of compilation, no fairer judgment to pass on a volume than that the materials so diligently accumulated therefor might have served to build a very excellent work indeed—had they been utilized in a different manner.

Such a judgment passed on Mr. Edwin Brett's magnificent volume, which deals with one of the best private collections of arms and armour extant, is by no means the damning of faint praise. The materials have been gathered with unflagging energy; they are there, numerous, valuable, in many cases unique of their kind, and nothing that the critic may find to say on the manner in which they are presented to the reader—expert or tiro in the long "kernoozing" science—can detract from their intrinsic interest.

But it is equally impossible for the antiquary or the mere book-lover not to lament a partly wasted opportunity in presence of the loving lavishness displayed by Mr. Brett in setting forth with such splendour the counterfeit presentment of a singularly interesting collection. A book thus produced at long leisure and regardless of expense might easily, and should, have been made such as to remain the authority of the age on the subject of arms and armour.

Unfortunately, as things have come to pass, the English student must still turn to Meyrick and Hewitt, even to Demmin the occasionally fantastic, and, if he be the happy possessor of foreign tongues, to Maindron, and, above all, to Böheim, for critical information on the subject of European armoury. Yet with the elements at his disposal Mr. Brett might have compiled, or caused to be compiled, a work which would have superseded all existing English works on the subject at hand. But the opportunity—a golden one for such an enthusiast—has not been seized, and the present is obviously a case where the critic, well disposed and appreciative though he be, must pass the old irritating verdict that the book might have been yet better had it been differently worked out.

Mr. Brett is known all over the world of *cognoscenti* as the owner of one of the best private museums of arms. It is through simple estimation of the fitness of things, and with regard to the intrinsic value of the book, to which he has evidently devoted so much loving care, that we almost wish the author had issued to the public only that part of his monumental volume which deals with the actual description of his treasures. It would then have been merely a *catalogue raisonné*; but as such it would at once have assumed an honoured place in the not yet too copious library of such works. Genuine "pieces" and unimpeachable "suits" are rare and of precious interest to the many artists and antiquaries who love such things, yet cannot afford either the time or the money required nowadays for armour-collecting. Next to owning great prizes, it is good to possess faithful pictures thereof, and to know where the original are for the time dwelling. Now, the hundred and thirty-three engraved plates, containing upwards of a thousand "pieces," ranging in date from the fourteenth to the end of the seventeenth century—most of them undoubtedly genuine, many of great value, and not a few of remarkable beauty—would have formed by themselves a volume worthy to rank with the very best known of the kind.

But the addition of the "Introductory" part, under the name of "Pictorial and Descriptive Record of the Origin and Development of Arms and Armour," was, we think, something of a mistake. The subject is immense, and would require the labours of more

than one exact and learned antiquary to set it forth in accordance to modern lights. Now Mr. Brett, in attempting the task in cursory manner, has done injustice to his position. There is nothing more in these chapters, which deal with generalities, than would be found in such unsatisfactory tomes as Boutell's translation of Lacombe.

Before dismissing the less worthy, and dealing with the really interesting, portion of Mr. Brett's volume, we cannot refrain from expressing wonder that a connoisseur who, as he himself puts it in his preface, "has lived so many hours of his life in the solitude of his armoury, and moved so long with delight among the grim knightly figures with which he has surrounded himself," should have for one moment tolerated in his *magnum opus* vignettes, intended to portray typical scenes of armour-bearing life, wherein the armour is treated in an artistic but purely fanciful manner which recalls the days of Smirke or Westall.

*Nunc mihi, mor alius*, is an adage applicable to precious collections of all kinds—to great libraries as well as great armouries; to the latter, perhaps, more than to anything else. All the great relics of the mediæval and Renaissance armourer's handicraft, with the exception of such as find a resting-place in national museums, are bound to change hands frequently. They are too valuable assets, withal too expensive to maintain in suitable order and state, not to be liable to recurrent conversion—the more especially as each item acquires in most cases an increased market value among connoisseurs by its transient sojourn in any well-known collection. Mr. Brett does not invariably tell us the origin of his best purchases. This is to be regretted; for the names of former owners are points of very special interest in the history of fine examples. But incidentally he lets us know that he has secured some great prizes that belonged to Sir Samuel Rush Meyrick, Lord Londesborough, Sir Coutts Lindsay, and Baron de Cosson in this country; others come from the Continent, the Richards collection in Rome, the armoury of Count Gayeski at Mgowo, in Poland, and elsewhere.

It is, of course, impossible to advert to more than a few of the best instances—admirably engraved, it must be said—in the present volume, which in this respect stands as a modern rival to Skelton's atlas of the Goodrich Court collection. The majority of the forty perfect suits, ranging in date from the period called, rather loosely, Maximilian on the Continent, to the end of the Parliamentary wars in England, are examples well worth careful scanning from the "student." Of these seventeen are complete *cap-à-pie* harness, including six superb "fluted" suits of the globose, early sixteenth-century German type. Thirteen more are so-called three-quarter suits, and the remainder demi-suits of late epoch. Mr. Brett is also the happy possessor of a complete harness for man and horse, unimpeachable in all its details, with the exception probably of the sword; for it is impossible to admit that any "swept-hilt" sword, as it is described in the explanatory legend, would belong to such an early period. It is just, however, to point out that the weapon actually represented in the plate is not really of that order:—

'This fine harness [says Mr. Brett, with pardonable pride in his own perseverance] was formerly in the collection of a retired officer in Milan, by whom it had been carefully preserved for many years, and of whom the author succeeded in purchasing it after persistent overtures extending over a period of sixteen years.'

Another of these *cap-à-pie* suits has a curious history, which shows the vicissitudes of fine armour and the ubiquitous diligence of the collector. This is a complete harness of Italian make, very beautifully engraved, and still retaining traces of silver plating which once covered the whole surface; it seems that it had been presented to some Mikado in bygone times by a Dutch merchant. It came many years ago, during a revolution, into the hands of an Italian ambassador accredited to the Imperial Court of Japan, and thus found its way back again for a time to the land of its origin.

Pieces which, as a rule, did not of necessity belong to the complete suit—such as shields or gorgets, or the various latter-day types of "iron-hat," morions, or cabasets—were often selected for special artistic ornamentation. In such lavishly decorated—one may even say purely decorative—examples (for treasures of this kind were rarely intended to suffer the brunt of rude combat) Mr. Brett's collection is rich. One of the finest instances of this class, which can hardly be called armourer's work, is an Italian circular shield, belonging to the second half of the sixteenth century. It is one of the most elaborate specimens extant of repoussé steel. The surface is embossed in cartouche panels of the bolt-and-strap order of decoration, and crowded with figures, feminine and warlike, in relief. The cut-and-scrrolled borders of each panel are covered with smaller figures, damascened in gold on blue ground, and representing, it would appear, the triumphs



of Cæsar over Pompey. One would like to know more of the history of such a superb piece than merely that "it was formerly in a Ducal collection in Italy."

Considered from the purely antiquarian point of view, the most interesting of Mr. Brett's treasures is a tilting-helm of the early fourteenth century. As a rule, the authenticity of all examples of the *heaume* is greatly to be doubted; but Mr. Brett seems satisfied as to the genuineness of his piece, which came from the Mgowo collection. It is very similar to that which hangs over the Black Prince's tomb at Canterbury.

*L'épée, reine de toutes les armes*, is well represented under the various forms she assumed between the fifteenth and the eighteenth centuries. Of mediæval swords, however, there is only one specimen which the owner ascribes to the eleventh century, although, to judge from the engraving, it would appear really to belong to a later date. But of sixteenth or seventeenth century types there is undoubtedly a most representative array. *Spade da mano e mezza*, war-swords, or hand-and-a-half in the jargon of the "kernoozer," rapiers and duelling swords of the *cinquecento*, bar-hilted, cup-hilted, shell-hilted; double-edged, or slender bladed after the *Verdun* type; blades of lozenge, or diamond, or channelled, or hexagonal section; close-hilted broad-swords of the Thirty Years and Parliamentary Wars; "Coliche-mardes" and Carrelets of the Louis XIV. period, are all there represented, and, as a rule, very perfect of their kind. The owner, however, is apt at times to be inaccurate in his nomenclature: the lansquenette, the braquemar, the malchus, the coustilla-croc, the épée de passot, the langue-de-bœuf, the cinquedeas, the anelace, can by no means be said to be identical, or even very similar, weapons. And he also appears at times to be under some misapprehension concerning the nationality of certain types; many rapiers, for instance, are catalogued as Italian which are beyond doubt of essentially Spanish pattern. There is also a type of sword belonging to the second half of the sixteenth century, which is essentially French, and which it is quite insufficient in the catalogue of an important collection to describe vaguely as "Elizabethan." It must be remembered that it is the style of mounting and the fashion in hilts which really determine the nationality of an arm. Many a blade made in Germany has gone to make a Spanish or Italian sword; many another, signed by a Milanese or Toledo armourer, was destined for a French or German hilt.

The historical classification of European hafted weapons, the broad types of which, derived from the spear and the club, recur at all times in curious and characteristic combinations, is a work which has yet to be done. Mr. Brett's collection contains an imposing array of almost all the modifications known under the sometimes inaccurate names of halbert and partisan, voule or poleaxe, spetum and ranseur, fauchard, brown-bill, guisarme, glaive, ronchone, mace, martel-de-fer, holy-water-sprinkler, flail, and morning-star. And only second to this in point of completeness is the collection illustrative of the evolution of portable firearms from the mediæval "hand-gun" to the "fusée" of the eighteenth century.

Not the least interesting plates of Mr. Brett's encyclopædic volume are the last three, devoted to facsimile reproductions of every armourer's mark—amounting in number to 132—which he has come across during his long years of research.

#### BJÖRNSON'S PASTOR SANG.

*Pastor Sang*. Being the Norwegian Drama, "Over Ævne," by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. Translated into English for the Author by William Wilson. London: Longmans & Co.

IN the later phases of his development as a dramatist Bjørnson presents certain well-marked characteristics that are to be noted of his contemporary Ibsen. It is, perhaps, less singular that both poets should have set out on their careers with romantic, or historic, dramas, since almost all poets, in all countries—as Goethe and Schiller, for example—have shown the same natural predilection for the heroic and the romantic. But it is not a little remarkable that, when Bjørnson abandoned the historic style for comedy, he has gradually, since the writing of *En Faillit*, revealed in his dramatic aims and method very decided points of affinity with the aims and method of Ibsen. The dissection, or perhaps we should say the demonstration—bearing in mind the theatre of the medical school—of some obscure or distressful psycho-physiological problem, represented by dramatic action on the stage, forms the dramatic motif in this kind of comedy. In *Over Ævne* we have a typical example of modern Norwegian comedy. Mr. William Wilson, to whom English readers are indebted for other excellent translations from contemporary Norwegian literature, explains the

title to mean, literally, "over-power," or "the striving for something beyond the striver's strength, and his subsequent state." To be overwrought, or overstrained, or in a condition of mental and spiritual exaltation, may describe the result of long-continued persistence in this kind of excessive endeavour. Readers of *Pastor Sang*, it must be admitted, are unlikely to be of one mind as to its interpretation. By this we mean no more than that the drama is just as open to the subtle disquisition of private judgment as the character of Hamlet is in Shakespeare's play. The author presents a study of the faith that works miracles on the one hand, and of an obscure form of nervous disease on the other hand. The question at issue will be found to lie in the relations of the faith and the disease—what is their nature and what their extent? Bjørnson, it is true, appears to indicate a precise and purely materialistic solution when he refers the reader, in a note to the play, to certain medical works on hysteria and epilepsy by Dr. Charcot and Dr. Richer. We shall not be surprised if there be some—and well justified we should hold them—who will consider the solution suggested only partially effective, or perhaps a key that only half turns in the lock. Let us regard the matter apart from artistic considerations. We may concede that the scientific basis is sound, nay impregnable. But our experience of the pseudo-scientific drama and fiction of the day warns us against the assumption that, because the basis is sound, the scientific application is equally impeccable.

Pastor Sang works miracles. He is the Primitive Christian, whose faith and creed and life are one. From the remote Norwegian parish his fame has blown abroad in the land. Bishops and clergy on their way to the place of convocation are diverted from their course to his humble home. In the last act there is a satirical scene where they hold discourse of faith and works while they await the final miracle. Pastor Sang heals the sick by prayer. He gives his cloak to him who needs it and "takes the children's bread to give to wicked men," as his wife Klara remarks with indignant protests to her sister Hanna. Klara, who is bedridden, declares that in his long absences on errands of mercy she lies helpless with drawn limbs, yet at the mere sight of him in the doorway straightway the power of relaxing her limbs returns to her. Naturally, her sister asks why Pastor Sang does not cure her. Klara, whose adoration of her husband is ecstatic, affirms eagerly that she *believes*, as everybody else does, in Pastor Sang's works, yet she resists to the uttermost, because of his neglect of the mundane interests of his children. She reminds her sister that they "come of an old nervous sceptical family—I may say, of an intellectual family." It would seem, therefore, that the miraculous powers and self-abnegation of her husband have so wrought upon her mind, through "worry about the children," that a healthy sceptical woman is reduced to bed-ridden impotency—which is, perhaps, not the smallest miracle recorded in the play. When we consider her sceptical progenitors, and the strong terms in which she expresses her irritation, we are inclined to wonder that she does not arise from her bed and walk. But still more perplexing is the *exalté* style in which the children discuss the situation (pp. 47 and 68); though both these little theologians are of the mother's faith, not the father's. The act closes when, at the instant prayer of Pastor Sang, Klara falls asleep, not having slept for six weeks previously, and sleeps through the terrific noise of a mighty landslip that threatens to overwhelm church and village. This miracle increases the overstrain in the mother and the children. The latter foresee that the recurrence of miracles and the Pastor's irresistible power will end in killing Klara. And so it comes to pass, in the last scene of this curious drama. Klara, indeed, arises from the bed and walks forth to meet her husband as he is leaving the church, and those who look on deem that they behold a miracle. But when she falls into Pastor Sang's arms, with words of rapturous greeting, and he discovers that her heart has ceased to beat, he knows it is not the miracle of his faith's working, and the shock instantly kills him. Such is the finale of this oddly inconclusive, yet interesting and suggestive, play.

#### CARMINA MARIANA.

*Carmina Mariana: an English Anthology in Verse in Honour of or in Relation to the Blessed Virgin Mary*. Collected and arranged by Orby Shipley, M.A. Second edition. London: Burns & Oates.

BY some accident the first edition of Mr. Orby Shipley's *Carmina Mariana*, which was published last year, failed to reach our hands; and we are all the more glad to have an opportunity of doing justice to the second. For the book is one of real interest and value. It would be childish, and would savour of that most foolish of all conduct which induces men to say "Peace where there is no peace," to affect to ignore the fact

that there is a certain danger—a certain “burning” character—about the subject. Unwise extremists in various branches of the Catholic Church have brought it about that the name which of all names in Christian hagiology ought to be that exciting the least hostile feelings, has been one of the chief apples of religious discord. But we at least see nothing in this volume which an English Churchman, though here and there he may bar a phrase or question a doctrine, need exclude from his library. Mr. Shipley has drawn impartially on Anglican and Roman sources. And it is the peculiar happiness of the English Church that she at least has never varied one jot or tittle in any authoritative utterance from the Catholic doctrine of the *theotokos*. We have added nothing and we have detracted nothing. We still worship in churches dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin; we still celebrate her in our Calendar, not as in the case of other Saints by a single commemoration, but on the anniversaries of five different events in her life; we read in our lectionary all the few and striking records of her most amiable personality; and every English Churchman who knows what Churchmanship means speaks of her by the simplest and most gracious appellation accorded to any being, human or divine, that of “Our Lady.” We leave familiarity and tawdry fancy-titles to others, as we leave to others yet an insolent and irreverent disrespect. For we do not conceive the one more appropriate than the other to the Mother of God.

We are, therefore, unable to share the surprise expressed by an innocent reviewer whose opinions are quoted here on a flyleaf. “Nothing,” said he, “will surprise the reader more than that this Anthology should consist so largely of songs addressed to the Virgin Mary by writers who were not Catholics,” though no doubt the last phrase throws a good deal of light on his amiable amazement. But we shall not find it necessary henceforth even to touch on the difference in respect of belief or discipline of the authors of these verses. It is natural, and it is by no means due to any corruption of nature, that the religious sentiment should blend freely and eagerly with the sentiment of devotion to the Eternal Feminine, and with such encouragements as have been offered by the whole Catholic Church to the honouring of the Virgin, a plentiful outpouring of poetic expression of the feeling was certain. Excellent and characteristic as Mr. Shipley’s Anthology is, he would, we suspect, be the last to hold it up as complete, even in respect of English. Thus (to point out only one thing that he has not given) there is one of not the least exquisite stanza-pictures of the *Palace of Art*, that which begins

Or the Maid Mother by a crucifix,

a stanza only, but worth a long poem. The maker of anthologies is not a maker of a *corpus poetarum*, and we should not be surprised if Mr. Shipley were to be able to find another and even yet another volume as full, though not as good, as he has given. As for a *corpus* of all poetry to or on the Blessed Virgin, that would be a task for a Benedictine, and a pretty long-lived one too.

But we have not to do with what we have not, but with what we have; and very good it is. In more than four hundred pages of a handsome small quarto size, very well printed, Mr. Shipley has collected an Anthology neither unreadably full nor conspicuously select. His classification is admittedly a little arbitrary, being generally, though not invariably, alphabetical, with the initial letter selected, now according to the subject, now according to the author. But we really do not know what better plan could have been adopted; while indices of first lines and of authors, taken with the Contents, should preclude all fear of confusion or failure to trace what is wanted in particular and see what is given in general.

The volume opens with two translated sequences from Adam of St. Victor—very well done, but, like almost all translations from Latin hymnology, losing a great deal. There is no doubt that Latin of the post-classical kind is the language for hymns; no other can touch it. Other translations follow from the well-known passage of the *Paradiso* (in Cary’s version), and from St. Alphonso Liguori, who was not quite the equal as a poet of Dante, nor perhaps even of him of St. Victor. And then we get a chaplet of American verse from the *New York Catholic World*. It is agreeable to meet the pleasantest living prose essayist of America (putting Dr. Holmes *hors concours*), Miss Agnes Repplier, in verse; and her piece on “The Sphinx and the Flight into Egypt” is not the worst of the bunch. Sir Edwin Arnold’s “Students’ Day” would have been better if its author had not adopted a metre—the five-foot trochaic—which no English poet has ever carried successfully beyond a mere handful of verses. Mr. Browning could not do it in “One Word More,” and Sir Edwin is not Mr. Browning. Then follows a parcel of pieces for pictures, the best of which is Rossetti’s “Our Lady of the Rocks,” though some may turn with interest to the newer and much-

praised Mr. Francis Thompson, who is here less Crashaw-and-printer’s-inkish than usual.

Even Byron, even Shelley, is brought in; and, as the extract from the first is taken from the paraphrase of the *Morgante Maggiore*, and the latter from *Epipsychidion*, the liberality of Mr. Shipley’s principles of selection will hardly be questioned. The various hymns from the Offices of the Roman Liturgy of course appear; but some of the older English things here given are among the most agreeable contents of the book. The slightly modernized carol “This other night I saw a sight” is good enough; but the “Poem of the Time of Henry VI.,” contributed by Mr. A. H. Bullen, is so charming that, whether it be of that time or another, we must reprint it:—

I sing of a Maiden  
That is makeless;  
King of all kings  
To her Son she ches.  
He came also still,  
There his Mother was,  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the grass.  
He came also still  
To his Mother’s bower,  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the flower  
He came also still,  
There his Mother lay,  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the spray.  
Mother and Maiden  
Was never none but she;  
Well may such a Lady  
God’s Mother be.

(It ought to be superfluous, but is perhaps just necessary, to remind the reader that *makeless* is “matchless,” *ches* “chose,” also “just as,” and *there* “where.”) Nothing in the volume quite reaches this height of joint simplicity and charm, and it is rather hard on Emily Bowles and Matthew Bridges, very respectable people as they no doubt are, to have to follow this unknown poet. An extract from Mrs. Browning suffers a little from the too frequent fluency of that most unequal and undisciplined author, but pays Our Lady the compliment of indulging in few or none of the usual hideous cockney rhymes; while the majestic sonnets of Camoens make no ill show in Mr. Aubertin’s version. And we reach a still higher level with Chaucer’s “A B C” for Blanche of Lancaster, and the sonnets of Henry Constable, a little less majestic than those of the Portuguese, but original and good. It is difficult for the libertine chartered by the contents, and knowing that he has Crashaw and Donne just ahead, not to skip a batch of contemporaries, and so keep up the continuity at once of time and excellence. Except in the famous St. Theresa poems Crashaw was never more “flowery and starry” (avaunt those who would add “sugary”) than here; and if Donne is not exactly at that unimaginable height of mystical rapture which he could reach when he chose, in the “Coronal” sonnets, they would be a sufficient claim for a meaner man to durable poetical rank. A few more contemporaries, and we hark back to Dunbar, who was not indeed at his best in these noble numbers, and shows something of fifteenth-century stiffness, but who never could be contemptible. We should not ourselves have introduced the horse-fiddle of George Eliot into this concert; but we can quite understand that, considering the catholicity of Mr. Shipley’s plan, he was as glad to admit it to the orchestra as in the case of the lyres of Byron and Shelley.

Then we come to Faber, and are conscious once more as we read the specimens from him of the odd mixture of admiration and contempt which has always affected us in reading that singular writer. That he was a poet, we have no doubt; it is all very well to sneer at the “Pilgrims of the Night” as cheap and popular melody, but words that will marry themselves to sounds in that way are not the words *τὸν ῥυθμόν*, while there are charming things in the *Cherwell Water Lily* and elsewhere. But the more we read of Faber, and about Faber, the more we perceive that radical and hopeless want of taste which was as perceptible in him, the most poetical, as in Ward, the most prosaic, of his group. Just conceive the man who could write the *Pilgrims*, or the best parts of the “*Consolatrix Afflictorum*,” in this very volume, producing such butter-woman’s rank to market as the following stanzas:—

What name can we give to a queenship so grand?  
What thought can we think of a glory like this?  
Saints and angels lie far in the distance, remote  
From the golden excess of thine unmated bliss.



O Mary, what ravishing pageants I see,  
What wonders and works centre round thee in heaven,  
What creations of grace fall like light from thy hands,  
What creator-like powers to thy prudence are given.

What vast jurisdiction, what numberless realms,  
What profusion of dread and unlimited power,  
What holy supremacies, awful domains,  
The Word's mighty Mother enjoys for her dower.

What grand ministrations of pity and strength,  
What endless processions of beautiful light,  
What incredible marvels of motherly love,  
What queenly resplendence of empire and right.

Conceive, we say, a scholar putting down such an anapest as "mated bliss"! a man with an ear permitting himself the unintended and imperfect hemistich rhyme "bliss" and "excess"! a master in a certain way of harmony printing the jiggetty-joggetty commonplace of the last three stanzas! But it was ever thus with Faber. The fine verses of Michael Field on Lord Dudley's "Lorenzo di Credi" relieve one's disgust at this slovenly gush by their technical, and not merely technical, excellence and their subdued grace. But as Mr. Shipley quotes from the last scene of the Second Part of *Faust* (in Sir Theodore Martin's version), why does he not persevere to the end? Surely the famous finale about *Das Ewig-ewige* is, as we have hinted above, the greatest praise of Our Lady, if not expressed, yet put in philosophic and poetical quintessence, that poet ever wrote?

Mr. Shipley could not miss, and has not missed, those exquisite lines of Robert Stephen Hawker's that begin "I am the sea that treacherous swells for ever." He wakes the mild and neglected muse of Mrs. Hemans; returns to the ancients for a charming lullaby of William Byrd's writing or collecting, and in the rest of his collection, which we have left ourselves no room to notice in detail, draws on Tennyson ("Mariana in the South") and Rossetti (the "Ave"), Wordsworth and Mr. Aubrey de Vere, Southwell and Southey, Newman and Casimir, Scott and Poe and Coleridge. Some of these latter things are universally known, all deserve to be. And if in the modern excerpts some lines look pale beside them, they seldom fail of a fair sparkle of brilliancy in themselves, and do their best to furnish forth Our Lady's carcanet.

#### MR. DAWSON'S THE GERMANS.

*Germany and the Germans.* By William Harbutt Dawson. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1894.

MR. DAWSON'S previous writings on German affairs have accustomed us to look for good work at his hands; and in his *Germany and the Germans* we are not disappointed, though it is impossible to give the book unmixed approval. He devotes far too great a proportion of his space and thoughts to Socialistic tendencies and their effects; but this is perhaps natural, and more or less excusable, in the author of *Prince Bismarck and State Socialism* and *German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle*. What is more important is that he does not succeed in giving us the "atmosphere" of German home life in any grade of society; he is over-fond of portraying conspicuous and not very conspicuous individuals, and he has in general too great an inclination to the manners and matters of the descriptive reporter. His style in his more impassioned moments—which are fortunately rare—is painful in the extreme. It may be that the teaching of patriotism in schools is the root of all virtue, and that atheistic Socialism is the Devil; but surely this scarcely justifies a respectable prose-writer's dropping without warning into iambs. "He calls the peasant from the plough, the weaver from the loom," Mr. Dawson observes of Körner; and the reader does not know whether to be glad or sad when he finds the rest of the sentence refuses to scan. Some songs he refers to have on them, we learn, "the very breath of battle, the very reek of blood." Later on we are introduced to peasants "who, swan-like, sang their own death-lay." This is annoying; and whenever Mr. Dawson indulges in the "big bow-wow" style we do not love him much. Here, for instance, is his conclusion of an attempt—necessarily futile—to compress into a few pages a sketch of the growth of the national spirit in modern Germany:—

'The Germans patriotic! Shame to them were they otherwise, with those songs, that inspire to every noblest impulse, that incite every noblest emotion, that move and thrill, rouse and enrapture, lifting men into their best, highest, most unselfish selves.'

But having had our grumble, and noted in passing that the whole section which deals with "Social Life" is the weakest part of the book, we may turn to the more agreeable business of giving hearty praise to the bulk of the work, of which much is

really valuable, and nearly all interesting. In the very portion we have just referred to as least praiseworthy there is a chapter on the industrial classes which contains a considerable amount of useful information, put before the reader in well-ordered arrangement. Here is one suggestive fact about our greatest rival in the markets of the world which may be commended to those social reformers who would bring about the millennium by Eight Hours Bills:—

'Eleven hours a day, including Saturday, . . . may be taken as the average [of the German artisan's toil]. An analysis covering 335 industrial concerns contained in the Saxon factory inspector's report, for 1892, gives the following daily duration of work:—In 1 case, 8 hours; in 6 cases, 9½ hours; 40, 10 hours; 16, 10½ hours; 118, 11 hours; 15, 11½ hours; 82, 12 hours; 1, 12½ hours; 12, 13 hours or over.'

How these poor fellows must envy our colliers! The German mechanic works harder, gets less pay, and has an infinitely more disagreeable life than his English equal. This is part of the price Germany has to pay for its rapid industrial progress, and it follows that the adherents of the old order who still stick to "home industries" and hand-work are yet worse off:—

'Where, as in Silesia, a house-weaver is often only able to earn 5s. or 6s. for work which occupies nine days of from 16 to 18 hours (less than ½d. per hour), while his wife toils six hours a day for three weeks to complete a web which will bring her an equal sum, the problem of how ends are made to meet suggests to the social economist many reflections.'

Undoubtedly it does; but, though it is natural enough that "the movement among the workmen for the legal restriction of the hours of toil is spreading rapidly," one does not see how help is to come that way. Shorter hours, as we know, mean diminished output or more hands—in either case less pay. Social Democracy is, according to Mr. Dawson, the one refuge and heal-all in the workman's eyes; but here, we think, he exaggerates.

Mr. Dawson's chapters on education are so good that we could wish he had treated some parts of the subject in even greater detail, though his so doing might have necessitated the omission of a not very instructive or entertaining description of the professors of Berlin. He draws a very gloomy picture of the result of too many Universities and too much higher education. We should like to think he exaggerates here, too, but we are forced to admit that he does not. Twenty-two seats of learning are yearly "turning out studied men in thousands," and the unfortunate "studied men" are lucky if at the age of thirty-five they are earning the wages of English bank clerks. The paternal State finds money for Universities, and looks to the qualifications for the professions and the Civil Service; but that paternal State cannot provide its carefully examined would-be lawyers, and doctors, and Civil Servants, and teachers, with briefs, and patients, and posts, and pupils, and as a consequence the educated unemployed increase mightily in numbers year by year. Still more formidable, however, are the "breakages"—the horde of superficially book-learned young fellows of the middle and lower-middle ranks whom stupidly ambitious fathers have sent to Universities (the State aiding) to fail in examinations, when they ought to be selling groceries or hoeing potatoes. These undoubtedly form a truly "dangerous class"; unfit for real intellectual effort, they have just sufficient smattering of letters, philosophy, economics, and science to make them the readiest tools of the agitator and the most permanent and effective nuisances to society, against which they have the very real grievance that they are unable to serve it in any useful way. The "educated" Baboo has been manufactured to the same end by our own Government in India, and many worthy folks at home are doing their best to encourage the imitation in this country of the very worst things "made in Germany." Our educational enthusiasts are very fond of pointing to Teutonic models as the crown and sum of all that is beautiful in pedagogics; but it is just possible that, if they would make themselves even slightly acquainted with the results of a system they so belaud, they would moderate their fervour for the State regulation and sustentation of secondary and university education. To them, at least, a perusal of Mr. Dawson's careful treatment of the subject should bring some enlightenment.

The chapters in Mr. Dawson's book on German political parties deserve to have many readers. Our newspapers bear daily testimony to the slight understanding of them and the distinctions between them that prevails in England, as well as to the fact that it springs from no lack of interest in the subject. It is possibly these considerations that have caused Mr. Dawson to take especial pains to describe clearly and accurately the different fractions and factions of German politics. He may be congratulated on his impartiality, as well as on his lucid exposition of a

rather complicated business, though perhaps, in dealing with the anti-Semites, he is a little too hard on the Jews. We ought not to leave the book without a word of commendation for the way in which the author has handled the religious and religious life of the country. His chapters on the "Makers of Germany" are interesting, but less valuable, and one does not quite see what his "Three Emperors"—or, for that matter, the present Emperor—are doing in this company.

Let us conclude by pointing out that there are several pleasing anecdotes to be found in these volumes. Here is one which agreeably illustrates the passion of the typical German scholar for pure truth, and his devotion to research:—"A famous Berlin clinical teacher, when in doubt as to the diagnosis of a disease, used to say, as he stood at his patient's bedside, and within his hearing, 'Never mind, we shall know in a few days—at the post-mortem examination.'" On this Mr. Dawson very properly remarks that "Such zeal for science cannot be expected in every man, and, perhaps, is not desirable."

#### VILLIERS DE L'ISLE ADAM.

*Villiers de l'Isle Adam: his Life and Works.* From the French of Vicomte Robert du Pontavice de Heusey. By Lady Mary Loyd. London: W. Heinemann.

RECENT literary history presents us with no stranger figure than that of Matthias, Comte de Villiers de l'Isle Adam. The last of an ancient race of Breton noblemen, or rather of two such races, for his mother was a Le Neveu de Carfort, this singular man of genius died at last in the sick-ward of a charitable institution, after having entertained Paris for thirty years with his eccentricities, his dreams, and his wit. It would be premature to decide what place will ultimately be taken in French literature by Villiers de l'Isle Adam, whose actual writings, in their entirety, scarcely justify the extravagant claims made for them by a certain group of critics. Yet it is not some wild symbolist or disciple of the Rosy Cross, but so grave and capable a writer as M. Anatole France, who has pointed out—justifying his criticism, too, with extracts—that at his best Villiers can be compared with no one of less reputation than Chateaubriand and Flaubert. When he is truly inspired he expresses himself with a lucid magnificence which is of extraordinary charm. The sad thing about him is that over-emphasis, paradox, and positive flatness only too often step in to mar the effect of his strange poetic fancy.

His cousin, the Vicomte Robert du Pontavice de Heusey, has performed a pious duty in stripping of its fabulous parts the legend of his strange kinsman. The stories which Villiers told about himself, as he leaned on the dirty table of some *brasserie*, and fixed his glassy eyes upon the listener, were so amazing, that sceptics began to doubt everything that he said. It was even denied that he was a Villiers de l'Isle Adam at all; cruel wretches averred that he was the son of a shopkeeper in Guin-gamp, and that the lonely manor-house on the promontory, smitten by the surf of the Atlantic, where his early years had been nurtured, existed only in his imagination. As often happens, truth is more curious than scepticism fancies, and stripped of legend the history of Villiers was still romantic enough. It was perfectly true that he was what he professed to be, that the pure blood of the Porte Oriflamme flowed in his veins, and that his ancestors were the Marshals of France and Grand Masters of the Knights of Malta that he supposed them to be. It was the pride of the poet to strike the rags above his bosom, and declare that his arms were "d'or au chef d'azur chargé d'un dextrochère vêtu d'un fanon d'hermines." People used to put up their hands to hide the smile upon their lips; but it turns out that it was true, and that no purer blood was left in France than that of the starving and visionary vagabond.

Persons who know nothing else about Villiers de l'Isle Adam know that he was a candidate for the throne of Greece when Otho abdicated. Among many strange stories told in this volume none is more amusing and pathetic. It appears that it was a genuine journalistic hoax. Some one who owed poor Villiers a grudge, and who knew how eager his vanity was, how sublime his pride, how easily inflamed his imagination, contributed to the newspapers a paragraph stating "on good authority" that the Emperor had smiled on the proposal that this last descendant of august Defenders of the Faith should sit on the throne of Greece. His father, the old Marquis, was still alive, a being as romantic and quixotic as his son; he waited upon Matthias in his garret, addressed him as "Sire," and already beheld his Majesty entering Athens in state. Villiers saw nothing improbable in the idea, and finally, after weeks of agitation, implored an interview with Napoleon III. He was positively received at

the Tuileries, but not by the Emperor, and Greece never bowed in plaudits before Matthias I.

We do not gather that, like some other eccentric geniuses over whom modern sentiment expends itself, Villiers de l'Isle Adam was depraved. He found himself at last upon the pavement, simply because there was no other place for a man so dreamy, proud, and impossible. In his younger days the poverty of the family was partly kept at bay by recourse to a strange old bed-ridden aunt in Brittany, proud Mlle. de Kerinou, away in St. Brieuc. But when she died, and her annuity with her, the Villiers de l'Isle Adam sank lower and lower in penury, supported always by their hopes and their romantic visions. Then Matthias took to his pen; but even when shoeless and starving he would accept nothing but offers of the most dignified kind. Poems, if you will, studies on his own ancestry, tales of grotesque magnificence, but nothing would he consent to write of a less artistic order. For one brief moment, about 1888, brought into fashion by the younger generation who admired his work, he rose to fame, and almost to affluence. But hardly had success arrived than a disease, the result of long years of hunger and exposure, overwhelmed him. He found an asylum with the Brothers of St. Jean de Dieu, and in their kind house he died on the 20th of August, 1889, in his fifty-second year. Perhaps the most interesting pages in the volume before us are those which contain the account of his death, contributed by M. J. K. Huysmans.

The Vicomte du Pontavice de Heusey has brought care and enthusiasm to his biography of his cousin, and he had enjoyed the advantage of having known Villiers intimately at several distant periods of his career. The translation by Lady Mary Loyd is admirably done, and she has been particularly successful in rendering various passages of the sumptuous prose of Villiers.

#### NORTHCOTE AND HAZLITT.

*Conversations of James Northcote, R.A.* By William Hazlitt. Edited, with an Essay on Northcote as an Art-Critic and a Note on Northcote, by Edmund Gosse. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1894.

THAT Northcote's name as a painter has sunk into obscurity there can be no doubt; but whether (as Mr. Gosse thinks) this obscurity is unmerited is more open to question. Although Hazlitt spared his friend from the condemnation which he distributed so liberally amongst his fellows, it is plain that Hazlitt himself never entertained any enthusiasm for the productions of Northcote's pencil. If Hazlitt is comparatively dull when he writes upon the abstract principles of art (and who is not?), Northcote was still duller when he put those principles into practice. If we had not good testimony as to the liveliness of his conversational powers, it would be a surprise to find that he had so intelligent a head as that which forms the frontispiece to the present volume, or that which Abraham Wivell drew when he was many years older. Not even these portraits, nor his pictures for Boydell's *Shakespeare*, not even the once famous "Arthur and Hubert" and "Wat Tyler," can ever restore him to the place of honour as a painter which he held in his lifetime. It may, indeed, be said of his art that it was straightforward and English, that he did not indulge in the rapid sentimentality of some of his contemporaries, or strive like others after the mistaken ideals of the "high art" of the period; whether he attempted history or tried to rival Hogarth he was sane and sincere, but he was always heavy and uninteresting. He complained that Sir Joshua Reynolds taught him nothing; but no one who, as he, was for years the favourite assistant of the great master could have failed to imbibe a liberal education, if he had had the capacity to take advantage of his opportunities.

Nor was he much more lively as a writer, whether of criticism or biography or fables, all of which he attempted with a success not more than respectable. What is left of his reputation is confined almost entirely to his conversational powers, and there would not be much of this if it had not been for Hazlitt, who has preserved many of his shrewd sayings in the amber of his own eloquence. He was already on the verge of sixty when he painted the portrait of himself which has been lent by Lord de Tabley for the illustration of Mr. Gosse's volume; but it was not till some four and twenty years after this that Hazlitt began to publish in *The New Monthly Magazine* those papers which were collected in 1830 under the title of "Conversations of James Northcote, R.A." The portrait that was prefixed to this edition, and was also engraved for the Library of the Fine Arts (1831), is, therefore, much nearer in date to the "Conversations" themselves; but the earlier portrait is interesting, not only because it was comparatively unknown, but because it is by his own hand, and was probably painted in the heyday of Northcote's success for Sir John Leicester, one of the greatest

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patrons of art in his day and the ancestor of its present owner. It is a handsome and powerful face, though somewhat heavy, and the eyes are so fine and the brow so thoughtful that it needs little imagination to fancy it lighted up with more than ordinary intelligence. It is very difficult to decide how much of the wit and wisdom of the "Conversations" was due to Northcote, how much to Hazlitt. In reading the book it is not always easy to remember who is supposed to be speaking, and there is little doubt that Hazlitt was not very particular into which mouth he put the words. It is probable that Hazlitt did Northcote more than justice in the division of the capital, and he at all events gave him full credit. No man has ever spoken more handsomely of another's intellectual power, nor of the charm of another's society. He has left two admirable portraits of Northcote as a talker. One is in the well-known delightful essay on evenings at Charles Lamb's, in which he calls Northcote not only the best converser but the best listener he knows, and speaks of his thoughts as sparkling like the beads of wine. Mr. Gosse quotes the other, which he rightly describes as "picturesque, besides being frank in the extreme." But the frankness is kind; Hazlitt treats his friend's parsimony and want of hospitality almost as virtues:—

'His hand is closed; but what of that? His eye is ever open, and reflects the Universe; his silver accents, beautiful, venerable as his silver hairs, but not scantied, flow as a river. I never ate and drank in his house; nor do I know or care how the flies or the spiders fare in it, or whether a mouse can get a living. But I know that I can get there what I can get nowhere else—a welcome, as if one was expected to drop in at just the moment, a total absence of all respect of persons, and of airs of self-consequence, endless topics of discourse, refined thoughts, made more striking by ease and simplicity of manner—the husk, the shell of humanity is left at the door, and the spirit, mellowed by time, resides within.'

There is no passage so delightful as this in the "Conversations," but they are well worth reading now, especially by those who are interested in the art and artists of the time, for they are full of spirit and sense, and sparkle here and there with an exceptionally "happy thought" expressed with Hazlitt's masterly clearness. In his prefatory essay Mr. Gosse has struck, with his usual insight, the essential characteristics of Hazlitt as an art-critic. For his time Hazlitt was well equipped as a writer on art; he had studied, he had thought, and he had travelled. According to the good old practice, he had proved his incompetency as an artist before (not after) he took upon himself to criticize others; and he had sufficient practical knowledge of painting (though not, as Mr. Gosse justly observes, of sculpture) to enable him to speak as one of the initiated, if he had chosen to do so. It was to his credit that he never claimed any authority on this account; always regarding himself as a mere amateur. He had also, what was better, a strong natural artistic sense; he was seldom wrong in his objects of admiration, and his taste was catholic. He could admire enthusiastically, but with discrimination, Gainsborough and Phidias, Titian and Jan Steen; he saw through West, and divined the genius of Turner. His estimate of Hogarth was singularly just and shrewd, and he was one of the first to proclaim loudly his merits as a painter. "He possessed," Mr. Gosse observes, "what so many of our modern quidnuncs have absolutely lost the idea of—the passion of beauty. His eye, as he finely says in speaking of Titian, had gazed on lovely pigments till it was 'saturated' with their loveliness." While Mr. Gosse does justice to many of the fine qualities of Hazlitt's writings on art, he does not fail to define clearly and justly his historical position in the following passage, which concludes his luminous essay:—

'Hazlitt's criticism is transitional between the dry and formal philosophy of the eighteenth century and the many-coloured enthusiasm of Mr. Ruskin. At a time when little real attention was paid to art-criticism, when in England at least it was bound up with an empty connoisseurship, and lost in the jargon of the dilettanti, it is the glory of William Hazlitt that he claimed for it the dignity of a branch of literature, and expended on it the wealth of his own fervid and impassioned imagination.'

#### THE PRIVATE LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

*The Private Life of Napoleon.* By Arthur Lévy. From the French by Stephen Louis Simeon. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1894.

M. ARTHUR LÉVY made choice of a wrong title for his book on the Emperor. He called it *Napoléon intime*. He should have called it *Napoléon bonasse*. The picture of the Corsican which he has drawn is only to be defined by an adjective

which indicates feeble and silly good nature. If M. Lévy had not had many forerunners among the authors of the Napoleonic legend, it might be difficult to understand how he could contrive to make such a figure out of the immense mass of evidence daily increasing in bulk which exists to show what Napoleon really was. His method is explained by himself with an almost touching candour. "But," he says, on p. 373, "as will have been already perceived, it is not our province to write the history of each individual, but to bring into prominence the gentleness and tolerance of Napoleon." Nothing can be easier, as M. Lévy goes to work. You have only to begin by taking it for granted that the Emperor was tolerant and gentle, to quote every affirmative statement you can find as gospel, to refuse to believe everything to the contrary, and to accept all Napoleon's descriptions of his own motives and conduct. Then you have drawn your *Napoléon bonasse*.

A few examples will serve to show with what regard for truth M. Lévy has compiled his book. On p. 6, speaking of the Bonaparte family, he says, "When in 1776 Corsica was at length tranquillized, it was necessary to think about settling the children in life." M. Lévy does not say how Corsica was tranquillized, and keeps ugly details of that kind studiously in the background. He is helped to writing history in this fashion by the possession of a large share of the kind of silliness which is peculiarly French. The reader has fair warning when M. Lévy asks gods and men on his very first page to tell him whether "any allegory" was "represented" on the carpet on which Napoleon was born. "Was it one of those old-fashioned carpets with large figures on it?" A writer capable of this is capable of anything. It is not in the least surprising to find him beginning a chapter as follows:—"If the human heart may be compared to a lyre of which each cord represents a virtue or defect, we may affirm that in Napoleon it was the cord of humanity that vibrated most loudly." Then a little below he is quite himself when writing "Critics will exclaim and speak of Napoleon's love for war. How often has he not been represented as liking to wallow in human hecatombs? The same reproach was addressed to Joan of Arc by her judges, and the heroine, raising her eyes to heaven, answered quietly, 'We must speak softly and in a low voice of these exterminations of men.'" This is the kind of twaddle which provoked Sainte-Beuve into declaring that the admirers of Joan were doing their best to make their heroine a bore. If you ask for a proof that the heart of Napoleon was actually overflowing with the milk of human kindness, M. Lévy is ready with a case in point at once, quoted from that trustworthy authority, the *Bulletins de la Grande Armée*. Did not Napoleon write from Austerlitz, "Never was there seen a more horrible battlefield. From the middle of immense lakes rise the cries of men whom it is impossible to succour. My heart bleeds for them. May all the blood that has been shed, may all the misfortunes rest upon the heads of the perfidious islanders who are the cause of it?" We knew it, we could have sworn that it was all the perfidious islanders. M. Lévy, it will be seen, is master of all the cant. Joan walks hand in hand with the perfidious islanders (who, by the way, owed her nothing and did not burn her) down his pages. Tender even to effeminacy on the battlefield, Napoleon was ever charitable to the poor; for did he not order "that, in exchange for the modest sum of 10 francs (8s.), all the objects pledged in the Mont-de-Piété should be restored to their owners, regardless of the value of the object," and regardless, we presume, of what the Mont-de-Piété lost by this act of vicarious charity?

So good a man as this could not fail to be a model in all relations of life. As a husband his one fault was an excessive tenderness for the frivolous Josephine. From a note—which, we presume, is M. Lévy's—he appears to think that the only parallel is to be found in the great Duke and great Duchess of Marlborough. The comparison excites in us an idle regret that time, and space, and other circumstances made it impossible that Sarah could have married Napoleon. They both of them so richly deserved it. From ambition this modest, meek-hearted man was wholly free, and the proof is that, when he was first offered Henriot's post in Paris, he refused it, saying, "At present there is no honourable place open to me outside the army. Have patience, I will command in Paris presently; what should I do there now?"

"How," cries M. Lévy ecstatically, "can any one say after that that he was possessed of boundless ambition?" How, indeed? But there is really no limit to the malignity of men. The long-suffering of Napoleon with his brothers almost passes the limit of human virtue. He was always giving them kingdoms, and they repaid him by incessant grumbling, by making difficulties about money, or even by silly talk about the interests of

their subjects, as if they had been put upon the thrones of Holland, Westphalia, Naples, and Spain to attend to that. M. Lévy can away with the ill-nature of people who say this man wanted heart; whereas, if he had a way "of winning battles, taking towns, overrunning countries, and levying contributions, which made his service irresistibly delectable," it was only because, like a good brother and model *père de famille*, he was anxious to make establishments for his orphan brothers. "M. Arthur Lévy," says M. Magnard in the *Revue de Paris*, "a mis trop de complaisance à ne voir dans son personnage que le bon papa, le bon mari, le bon fils, le bon frère, ménager de sa fortune, soigneux dans ses calculs, un peu 'jobardé' par ses femmes, ses frères, ses sœurs, ses compagnons d'armes. Ce Napoléon bourgeois et vertueux a choqué pas mal de gens, dont je suis. J'aime mieux celui de Taine, plus dangereux, moins bon garçon, mais évidemment plus vrai." We also prefer Taine's Napoleon, and yet M. Arthur Lévy has his value. He is a very good specimen of the kind of person to whom Napoleon played sentimental comedy all his life long. It is a tribute to the faculty of that great — (the reader may fill the blank as he pleases) that he goes on making dupes after death.

Mr. Simeon's translation reads somewhat woodenly, but we seem to recognize in it a certain dictionary accuracy.

#### A TEXT-BOOK OF BOTANY.

*A Student's Text-Book of Botany.* By Sidney H. Vines. First Half. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

IT is unfortunate that the Sherardian Professor has been persuaded to allow a portion of his *Student's Text-Book of Botany* to appear in this provisional form. This is a work which is handsomely printed, well provided with illustrations, and destined to be widely useful. The effect which it produces, however, is minimized so far as possible by a fragment of it being presented to us without an index, without binding, and in a paper cover. The book is of no practical use in this truncated shape, and we are very sorry that Professor Vines gave his sanction to so imperfect and undignified an issue.

When we examine the disjointed manual more closely, we discover that it is destined to supersede the translation of Dr. Prantl's *Lehrbuch der Botanik*, a second edition of which Professor Vines published in 1881. The book, as now given to us, is enlarged in all its sections, and "so extended that, whilst retaining all that made it of value to beginners, it may be more useful to those engaged in the advanced study of the science." In these conditions we do not blame the disappearance of Dr. Prantl's name from the title-page; for the book, in its present form, is substantially the work of Professor Vines. We are permitted, however, by the fragmentary state of this publication, to hope that, when he completes the work, Professor Vines will pay some slight tribute to the admirable botanist to whom he owes the whole impetus, and a great deal of the substance, of his "Text-Book." Dr. Prantl only died last year, and it is yet early for him to be forgotten.

In the absence of any account of the first author of this book, and to console his shade a little for the almost complete eclipse of his share in it, we may say that Karl Prantl, an eminent botanist both in the practical and the theoretical part of his profession, was born in 1849. He became Director of the Botanic Gardens at Breslau, he was the editor of that useful periodical *Hedwigia*, and he found time to write a number of valuable monographs on the morphology of plants. But his great work was his *Lehrbuch*, which originally appeared in 1874, and of which an eighth edition is before us. His investigations into the structure of the cryptogams were of lasting value.

The portion of the "Text-Book" which is here given to the public deals successively with the morphology, with the anatomy and histology, and in part with the classification of plants. Professor Vines's opening chapter on the general morphology is admirably succinct, and yet lucid. It seems a little arbitrary that the Seed, as "a structure peculiar to Phanerogams," should be omitted from all consideration in the chapter on the special morphology of the members. Phanerogams form so immense and preponderant a section of the plant-world that seeds can hardly be looked upon as a vegetable freak. In treating the group Thallophyta, Professor Vines has not given way to the practice which is now becoming general of regarding the Algae and the Fungi as altogether distinct groups. He holds the conservative view that the latter have certainly arisen from the former, and that, as they still possess many features in common, it is best to classify them together in one introductory group of lowest organized plants. It is mainly in the presence of chlorophyll and the consequent mode of life that the seaweeds differ from the

fungi. To the Thallophyta follow Bryophyta, the liverworts and mosses, and to them Pteridophyta, or the ferns, marshall, and lycopods; and that is as far as we get in the present instalment. There can be no doubt of the value of this authoritative work, but we must reserve minute criticism until it reaches us in completed form.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

*Histoire du peuple d'Israël.* Par Ernest Renan. Tome cinquième. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

*Essai sur l'histoire du théâtre.* Par Germain Bapst. Paris: Hachette.

IT has been known ever since M. Renan's death that his *Histoire d'Israël* was completely finished before that event, and the colophon here bears the words "Achévé le 24 Octobre, 1891." There is, therefore, about the conclusion none of the melancholy interest of the unfinished task which so often attaches to posthumous work. It must also be said that its interest of other kinds is rather inferior to that of the earlier, especially the first three volumes of the work. There is not, and could not be, anything in it at all approaching the fantastic speculations which the author wove into his account of the origins, the marvellous romance which he constructed round the name of Jezebel, or even the audacious cup-and-ball play in which he indulged in reference to the prophets, major and minor. The subject of his present volume—the Maccabean, Asmonean, and Roman time—is not very fertile in matters of literary interest, with one or two exceptions; and, especially to a person of M. Renan's temperament, is still less fertile politically. The magnificent pugnaciousness of the Maccabees could not appeal to one who simply hated fighting; and M. Renan dismisses the "fightingest" record of it with a shudder as a "méchant petit livre." He has added a fresh suffering to the tragic experiences of Mariamne, calling that injured princess, not by her rather pretty name as usually spelt, not by the common and tolerable, if rather trivial, French form of "Marianne," by which so many poets have celebrated her, but by the hideous vocable of "Mariamme." But it may be admitted that there is nothing particularly attractive in Jewish history during the century or so before Christ. We have little or no Biblical authorities for it; Josephus, though he might not be such a scoundrel as it pleased the fantastic imagination of De Quincey to represent him, is not an interesting writer till he comes to the actual agony of his nation; and by this time the savage and mysterious poetry of Jewish history has given way to a totally uninspired prose, in which the more disagreeable characteristics of *Judenthum* are distinctly apparent, without any of its redeeming features as seen earlier or later.

In his literary documents M. Renan was a little *mieux loti*. He had Philo, the Book of Wisdom, and some other things which certainly or probably date from this period; and it pleased him to stick *Ecclesiastes* early and *Enoch* late in it, just as it has pleased other professors of the exceedingly transient, but, to do it justice, never in the least embarrassed science of biblical criticism, to place each of them a dozen different times. We knew already what M. Renan had to say of *Ecclesiastes*—a book of which he was pleased in the main to approve, but which seemed to him, not as it has seemed to others, the *ne plus ultra* of inspired criticism of life under the old revelation, a book in which piety and poetry, ironic sense and freedom from sourness, meet as they meet nowhere else, but a clever exercise or study in freethinking, the work of a kind of Voltaire *ante Christum*; quite the sort of book, in short, that a M. Renan vacant of M. Renan's glorious gains would have been not discontented to sign in Asmonean days. We are afraid that the enemy will lay hold of this to enforce his doctrine of the incurable touch of vulgarity which marred M. Renan's talent; for the man who cannot distinguish the scepticism of the Preacher from the scepticism of Voltaire is like the man who cannot distinguish a chorus of *Æschylus* from a music-hall song—except in so far as he likes the latter better. Nor will things be much mended by the motto of the last chapter, *Finis libro sit locus et gloria Christo*. But it was always vain to expect taste from M. Renan. Admirable command of French, a very great, if most capriciously applied, erudition, and unflinching ingenuity and narrative skill you could always expect, and there is no lack of them in this his last finished work of magnitude, and, in a way, the completion of the cherished task of his life.

We can here give but a preliminary notice to a very splendid volume, produced in MM. Hachette's best style, by M. Germain Bapst (the learned historian of the Crown jewels, and author of many other works), which deals with all the externals and paraphernalia of the theatre in mediæval and modern times—architecture, dresses, scenery, stage-management, what not. It is extremely well illustrated, and full of information and amusement.



We may also notice, more briefly, a number of illustrated publications. The *Figaro Illustré*, for February, has pushed its coloured illustrations further than ever; and in the Carnival sketches, called "Le plaisir à Paris," has reached what some people, we fear, will consider the hideous. From the Librairie de l'Art we have a large number of publications, in different sizes, having more or less to do with instruction. The largest series consists of examples of contemporary sculptors and animal-painters (two *livraisons* of each), containing an excellent assortment of examples well cut on wood, and of considerable size. The next is *L'imagerie de l'art*, an extraordinarily cheap collection in penny numbers. We have a *Méthode pratique du dessin*, by MM. Rapilly and Vilette, which appears to be, if any such thing can be, practical and well arranged. We have four numbers of *Documents décoratifs japonais*, two of flowers, two of birds, remarkably well illustrated; and we have two more of the interesting Alphabets (fourpence apiece, and well worth the money, especially that of the Ferrarese Fra Vespasiano), on which we have more than once commented. We may also observe that *L'Art* itself has this year changed its format, reducing its slightly unwieldy size to one half, or thereabout, doubling its thickness, and certainly not losing in the presentation of its subjects.

## NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SINCE Sir George Dasent published his translation of the *Njala*—the story of Burnt Njal—some thirty years ago, the interest in Icelandic literature aroused by that impressive work among English readers has been energetically sustained by the labours of other English scholars. Not to mention other examples of Dasent's admirable renderings, there is the version by Messrs. Magnusson and William Morris of the spirit-stirring *Grettir's Saga*, and latterly the various volumes of the interesting series known as "The Saga Library." To these translations of Icelandic Sagas must now be added the *Egla*, Englished by the Rev. W. C. Green, as *The Story of Egil Skallagrimsson* (Elliot Stock), a work that was esteemed by Einar Thordarson, whose edition was published at Reykjavik in 1856, as the product of the golden age of Icelandic literature. Mr. Green holds that the *Egla*, or *Egil's Saga*, is second only to the *Njala*, and little, if at all, inferior. It is unlikely, we think, that any reader of his translation will dissent from this view. Compared with the *Njala*, as Mr. Green remarks, the *Egla* "has more variety and adventure, more points of contact with history"; while to Englishmen it is especially interesting, on account of the remarkable adventures of Egil and his brother Thorolf in England. For brevity and effect, for force and actuality of narrative style, the description of the battle of Vinheath—in which Thorolf, fighting for Athelstan, is slain—is comparable only to such masterpieces of vigorous writing as Chaucer's battle of Actium. There is something truly epic in the range and scope of the whole narrative, in the strong and clear definition of scene and actors, and in the vivid actuality with which fightings and forays, perils and hairbreadth escapes, are presented. The personality of the hero affects us as active potent reality. There is nothing shadowy and nothing inconsistent about him or his deeds. Not less must be said of the other members of his family, from the self-contained and masterful Kvedulf, his father, to Thorgerds, his daughter, who by an ingenious stratagem saves Egil from the last effect of despair when mourning for his son Bodvar, drowned near Einar's Ness. Egil, as Mr. Green points out, may be less pleasing to modern tastes and prejudices than Njal, and the translator discerns in the frank record of the "bad points" of his character proof of the "truthfulness of the Saga-writer." Possibly those deeds of Egil that may strike modern readers as of dubious morality were viewed in a different light by the writer. Then it must be noted that he wrote in a condition of greater freedom than that of the bard who is officially retained by the family, and is a contemporary singer of a hero whose virtues and deeds he is bound to acclaim. But of Egil's heroism there can be no question. His prowess, great though it is, is not greater than his cleverness and foresight, while if he was the author of the poems ascribed to him, he was as richly endowed in poetic gifts—and the prophetic also—as in courage and skill. Mr. Green has rightly determined to translate both prose and verse. His prose narrative reflects the vigour and simplicity of style that mark the original, without any tendency to that extreme archaism of language which to modern readers must savour of affectation. The English of the translators of the Bible appears to have served as Mr. Green's standard of excellence, and no better model could be suggested. The difficulties that confront the translator of Icelandic verse are set forth, without exaggeration, in the preface. Mr. Green diffidently remarks that he cannot hope that all his renderings

will satisfy Northern or English critics, yet his readers, we think, will be of one mind as to his translating the verse in the text as it occurs. For example, it would be a grievous loss not to have, in its place, the rendering of the lament of Egil for Bodvar—"Sona-Torrek"—the composition of which caused Egil to "cheer up," to use Mr. Green's colloquial expression. In addition to his interesting introduction the translator gives a full "argument," a useful chronology, and notes that are sufficient yet never superfluous.

In the United States the study of early Colonial times is, as we have had occasion to remark before now, pursued with curious zeal and pertinacity. The like spirit of research is shown with respect to family documents. A voluminous specimen of this conscientious spirit is before us. It is issued from the Riverside Press, a comely tome as to print and paper, bearing the odd title *Thomas Hazard, Son of Robt., called College Tom* (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.), and written by Caroline Hazard. Like other books of its class, there is much of merely local interest, and much that may be described as the pious labours of a family historian, in this "study of life in Narragansett in the eighteenth century." Still the resolute reader, gleaning here and there in its pages, may derive no little light and entertainment, such as will suffice to form a clear picture of the social condition of Narragansett folk in olden times. "Stony and full of Indians" was the country when the first Hazard settled in it some time early in the seventeenth century. The Narragansett farmers thrived, however, and soon became known as growers of excellent corn and breeders of the famous Narragansett "pacers." The community was isolated and primitive. Slaves were generally held by the farmers, until the Thomas Hazard known as "College Tom," because he was for some time at New Haven College—a curious note of provincialism to be so named—lifted up his voice in favour of Abolition. When the land became free from Indians it was the resort of the "persecuted Quakers of Massachusetts." It also seems to have been the happy hunting ground of all manner of fanatics. Mr. Fayerweather, in 1760, writes, "Quakers, Baptists, Fanatics, Ranters, Deists, and Infidels swarm in that part of the world." The eloquent Dr. McSperran, missionary of the S.P.G., noted there "Quakers, Anabaptists of four sorts, Independents." And yet the Connecticut people thought that Rhode Islanders were without religion. Dr. McSperran was nearer the truth when he observed "Here liberty of conscience is carried to an irreligious extreme"—a most orthodox conclusion. Considering that Thomas Hazard became a Quaker, and was a leading man in the community, it is odd to find in his account-book this entry of charges against one Lowes (Lois?) Jakeways, spinster:—"¼ yard Linnen Cloth at 28 shillings, ½ skein of Thrad at 1 shilling 3 pence. To 20 shillings in cash when she went to the New Light meeting." The Quakers held the "wild and ranting people" known as "New Lights" in horror. There are many amusing illustrations given of the severity of their discipline when dealing with backsliding Friends. One Quaker expresses contrition, or "condemnation," as it is called, because he had so far joined in the meeting of New Lights as to pull off his hat, "which inconsiderate conduct he freely condemns." Another "freely condemns" his taking "more strong Drink than was commendable" at a wedding, contrary to Friends' rules. Young Caleb Hazard "freely condemns" his giving way to anger so far as to "strike and fight with Coon Williams." Altogether, the hands of "College Tom" must have been full of labours—ruling the Society, liberating his slaves, and managing his land and family.

Of the making of wills there are probably books sufficient. Moved by the facetious import that often attaches to the phrase "Last Will," Mr. B. B. West has written an entertaining and extremely suggestive little book entitled *Wills, and How Not to Make Them* (Longmans & Co.). This is a kind of natural history of testators. It illustrates the irony of will-making, and the various common examples of a will operating in effect precisely contrary to the will of the testator. Conceived in the fairest spirit, inspired with impeccable motives, the will works disastrously and iniquitously, as Mr. West's "Leading Cases" show, sober facts though they be, as every reader will acknowledge. The wrongheadedness of English testators may not be so general as Mr. West assumes, yet it is undoubtedly only too common. It is not for laymen to deal with Mr. West's remedial suggestions, and we must content us with quoting his main contention and conclusion, which run thus:—"With the aid of two governing principles—that every will is to be regarded mainly as instructions for a will rather than one itself, and that all testators have, on the surface or beneath, a vein of lunacy—the Judicature, I verily believe, might restore to English wills the sensible aspect they too often lack."

In his record of two riding excursions from Jerez into the Andalusian mountains—*The Heart and Songs of the Spanish Sierras* (Fisher Unwin)—Mr. George Whit White writes in blissful periods of the sunshine, the songs, and the scenery that engaged his eyes and ears. He enjoyed himself, he tells us; therefore has he written. This plea for publication is, perhaps, more tolerable than the well-worn one of "request of friends." Mr. White wandered in well-trodden ways. It is unfair, therefore, to charge him with want of diligence because he has nothing new to say of the places or people he visited. Mr. White enjoyed his rides in the mountains, and his delight finds expression in jerky rhapsodies which are unlikely to cause delight in the reader. Much more happily employed is Mr. White in dealing with the songs of the people. For these, indeed, he evidently has a genuine enthusiasm, and some of his transcriptions, both words and music, are interesting.

No. 6 of the reissued "Plays by Robert Bridges"—a series put forth in the fashion of Mr. Browning's first edition of *Bells and Pomegranates*, or somewhat like certain reprints of early Jacobean drama—contains *The Humours of the Court* (Bell & Sons), a play founded in part on comedies of Calderon and Lope de Vega as to its plot. The scope and diction, not less than the characters—the fantastical poet St. Nicholas, the excellent serving-man Tristran, and so forth—of this ingenious play are conceived in the spirit of early seventeenth-century drama. The admirable scene in the first act, for example, when the Countess and her Court discuss "the greatest pain of love," like an Academy in Florence, strikes the key-note of the play in spirited style. Indeed, were we to use the language of old, and describe this charming play as a right merry, conceited comedy, we should fairly denote the quality of Mr. Bridges's work. We note the author's precise indications for its representation—his remarks on "half-asides," the little plan of positions for the actors, the unusual indication of accents in the verse—and wonder what our managers of theatres and our actors would make of the play. Such lines as

To-morrow morning. Bút, Flóra, for you  
and

To my wórship a deaf unanswering stone  
may be regarded as concessions to the earless, or indications for the actor—perhaps one and the same thing.

Mr. Charles T. Lusted—*The Feast of Cotytto; and other Poems* (Digby, Long, & Co.)—though a singer of varied themes, can scarcely be said to sing in divers tones. The monotony that marks his verse is largely due to inexpert handling and lack of accomplishment. There are some few well-turned stanzas in his leading poem, but the treatment of a suggestive subject is altogether wanting in distinction. When Mr. Lusted is original in any way, he is original only to be odd or obscure. Thus in "Nemesis" we have these strange lines:—

Frail love may frailer love caress,  
But Nemesis will never shirk  
Her duty, though a Plato bless.

"I explain this!" Again, we read, in "The River Meadows":—

The river like a silver snake  
Glides through the verdant meads;  
And when the soft wind plays awhile,  
It wattles in the reeds.

With M. Brunetière's oration in our mind, some interest may attach to Mr. Lusted's stanzas "In Fleet Street":—

The god Newspaper lies,  
Shows truth in strange disguise,  
Throws scandal in our eyes.

Much more does this strange god perform:—

It makes us wiser now,  
We teach our fathers how  
To kiss Minerva's brow.

But the poet questions if we are "nobler men" for this practical wisdom. He marks how Fleet Street is abroad, making a maraud throughout the fields of fraud. "But she mistakes her seal"—he adds—"makes detail her ideal, and saints their passions feel," which is no way to behave.

*Behind the Veil*, by James de Mille (Halifax, N.S.: Allen & Co.), is a poem of a visionary kind—the vision of a disembodied spirit in the dim void, aspiring, questioning, speculative—written in a stanza of novel construction and pleasing modulations:—

"Then," I cried, "these worlds of wonder  
Are the end of Nature?"—"Nay,  
In the deep abysses yonder

Others measurelessly grander lie before thee far away;  
Those which thou hast deemed the greatest are but motes to such  
as they."

The poet's theme is old enough, yet it is handled with a certain breadth and imaginative grasp. The late Professor De Mille is probably known to English readers as the author of a story bearing the Poe-like title *A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder*. It was not suspected, even by those who knew him best, that he had wooed the Muse, until the present poem was found among his papers.

From Messrs. Saxon & Co. we have received a new book of reference for newspaper readers, *Do You Know It?* in pocket form, packed with useful information; and a new edition of *Everybody's Pocket Cyclopædia*, a wonderful little treasury of "things worth knowing." From the latter book, for instance, we learn "the meanings of Names," and call the interesting fact that "Jabez," being interpreted, means "one who causes pain."

We have also received *A Burnese Reader*, by R. F. St. Andrew St. John, Hon. M.A. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press), an easy introduction and companion to "Judson's Grammar," a recent addition to the "Oxford Orientalist Series"; *History of the Rochdale Pioneers*, by George Jacob Holyoake (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), third edition, revised and enlarged; *The Nursery Tea at Streathley House; or, How to Help the S.P.G.*, by the author of "Gipsy Mike" (Wells Gardner & Co.); *The Trial of Dr. Briggs before the General Assembly*, "a calm Review of the Case," by A. Stranger (New York: Randolph & Co.); and *The Social Contract*, translated by Rose M. Harrington from the French of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, with Introduction by Edward L. Walter (Putnam's Sons).

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

ADVERTISEMENTS intended for the SATURDAY REVIEW should be addressed to MESSRS. R. ANDERSON & Co., 14 Cockspur Street, or to the OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON. A printed Scale of Charges can be obtained on application.

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